Special Features This Issue
MASCF XXX – Finland Raid 2012
Crafty Cruising by the Interstate
The Intrepid Forward Paddler
Replanking the *Charles W. Morgan*
Foam Strip Plank Boat Building

messing about in BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 9

January 2013

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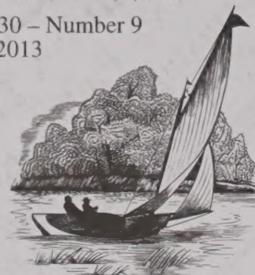

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In This Issue...

2 Commentary
3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
4 You write to us about...
6 Book Review: *Boats: An Anthology*
7 The Able Bodied Sea-Person
8 Chebacco Boats
9 Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race Tragedy
10 The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival
12 *Duckworks Magazine*: Normsboat
14 World Record Entry at Cat Gathering
15 Canoe Sail Races Grand Finale
16 Crafty Cruising by the Interstate
17 My Wife Hates Sailing
18 The Intrepid Forward Paddler
20 More Backyard Cruising
21 St Mary's Bay Chronicles #1: Why Me, Why Now?
22 Rowing on the Merrimack River: Part 4
26 Finland Raid 2012
27 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Adventures in a Townie
32 Beyond the Horizon
34 *Ghost* and *Caprice* Sail Again
34 The Sound Inter Club
35 *Dinghy Cruising*: The Gull
38 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: "SACPAS-3" (LCP) – Part 14
40 Replanking the *Charles W. Morgan*
41 The East End Classic Boat Society
42 Buffalo Maritime Center Winter Projects ...and My Own Winter Projects
43 My Favorite Adhesives & Sealants
44 A Spruce Tree for a Mast
44 My Little Orphan
45 *Boneyard Boats*
46 In My Shop: The Great Armistice Day Blizzard
47 The Apprentice
48 Foam Strip Plank Boatbuilding
51 From the Lee Rail
52 Trade Directory
58 Classified Marketplace
59 Shiver Me Timbers

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I opened this column in the December issue thusly, "It's October 29 as I sit here ready to compose this Commentary for this year-end issue, intending to comment on how the year just past has gone for us and speculate on what the future may have to offer." But then I digressed into a ramble about Super Storm Sandy and other bygone weather adventures we've weathered in the past 74 years here. I invited reports of that storm's impact on readers' boats, if any, and these should be coming in from now (November 30) on for inclusion in the February issue.

So now I'll move on to that original topic. In sum, 2012 has gone well enough for us, considering the ongoing economic re-adjustment to its new reality. Subscriptions continue their ongoing slow decline, but the total readership of just under 2,500 is still sufficient to pay the bills with a bit left over for us. Since the future seems to offer no change in this steady (if slow) erosion of readership, it appears it is time for me to stir a bit and see if I can find some way to start gaining circulation before we hit that threshold where there's nothing left for us after paying the printer, the US Postal Service and other costs of administration and production.

A potential bad turn of affairs in 2013 could be another big increase in our mailing costs, since the Postal Service has just announced an $18 billion loss in the current fiscal year. Talk of closing post offices nationwide as well as sectional centers and also discontinuing Saturday mail deliveries has aroused public displeasure, of course, but handing all of us bulk mailers another big increase will hardly disturb the public. The last big increase, a 30% increase in one big bite, caused us to give up in 2008 the twice-monthly (24 mailings a month) schedule we had since we began in 1983. Should this come down again I do not know what action we will have to take. Whatever it comes to be (if it comes to be at all) we'll stick to the monthly schedule.

Before continuing with this financial subject, I do want to go on to say that I'm really pleased with the content we are able to bring you every issue, thanks to widespread contributions from readers and reprint permissions from various group newsletters. Judging from the written-in remarks that appear on many renewals you are enjoying what we deliver. Most fortunate, since I also very much enjoy putting each issue together and earning some income so doing sure beats taking part-time work bagging groceries in a local supermarket.

So I foresee another year very much like the last on your end, the 60-page magazine arriving pretty reliably each month (always a few go astray, alas). But to undertake turning our circulation decline around, I need to again try to reach out to those who might find the magazine of interest. How to do so?

We have a website (admittedly quite stale) with all the pertinent info on offer, including the offer of a free sample copy. We get a few requests for free samples and fewer yet for the introductory $8 three-issue trial subscriptions we offer (let alone full $32 subscriptions). From this I deduce that cost is really not the obstacle. Lack of interest on the part of all those "hits" we are told we get appears more likely the reason. So be it.

Duckworks is our biggest individual circulation booster, handling our online subscriptions (around 100 or so out of 2,500). About 100 of you rally round at Christmas time (others on personal family/friends gift-giving occasions) ordering up gift subscriptions. We also exchange subscription ads with several other publications and group newsletters but returns from these are minimal when they can be identified.

I conclude that interest in the sort of content we supply in its plain black and white package is thin on the ground (water?). The fact that there are as many of you as there are who are enthusiastic readers suggests that maybe more are out there, however widely scattered they may be. It occurred to me that perhaps some of you might be able to lead me to some potential new subscribers. If you just email me any names and addresses of persons you might think would find the magazine of some interest, we will include free sample issues in subsequent mailings. Don't be concerned about whether or not those you might suggest are already subscribers, we will catch them when we put the mailing list together for an issue.

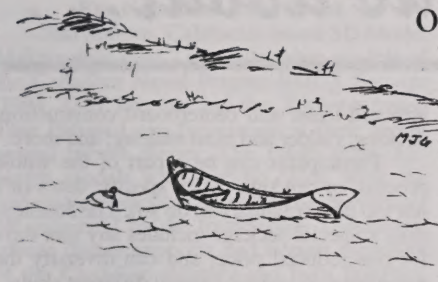
And for anyone who feels affluent enough to order up gift trial subscriptions at $8 each, I say, thank you, the recipients will get cards announcing that you are the thoughtful one.

However this may work out (or any other effort we come up with) you will continue to get the regular monthly 60-page issues to which you are accustomed. This is our 31st year coming up. I believe it will be another enjoyable one on our pages.

On the Cover...

So how did YOUR boat survive Sandy? Two friends separately sent us photos of the extreme relocation of someone's fishing boat featured on the cover. Do I detect, perhaps, a subtle joke here? Certainly, a workmanlike job of it, however accomplished.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

It's three degrees this morning; nearly cold enough to slake my craving to venture upon the water. My lovely sloop, *MoonWind*, huddles in her slip with nary a blanket.

The Pusslet sits on my desk, dipping her paw in what's left of my French roast, then blissfully licking her toes. A little caffeine goes a long way with the Pusslet. Having taken communion, she walks between my monitor and keyboard, pausing to urge on the cursor with her nose. I pat her corner of the desk, beside the printer. Come and lie down, I say, and be a good girl. I worry she'll inadvertently tread on my keyboard. She carefully avoids it, but things are just a bit crowded. Her editing skills are various: she stands on the delete key or chews on my red pencil. Now she comes and lies down. I stroke her head, wipe her nose smears from the screen, and begin a new paragraph.

The fires are roaring below, the furnace adding its voice to the milieu, all our resources and defiance of the cold labor at keeping the monsters of winter at bay. I've been outside to feed the birds and bring in chunks of oak to feed to the fire. Though brisk, the air was still, and it wasn't cold enough to hurt to breathe. Rather a lovely morning – like biting into a tart and crunchy apple – maybe a Red Delicious.

The woodpile diminishes. There seems to be some correlation between the cold and it; some understanding I'm not quite privy to. I saw and split and stack the wood; the house grows cold; the woodpile shrinks; the house becomes a bit warmer. After all these years, this fire should have grown up and gotten a job. Instead, it remains on my hearth and squalls for breakfast. What would you like this morning, Dear? Why don't you try an armload of yummy beechwood?

Today I signed a contract with my publisher and posted it, certified mail. Now I need to concentrate on completing illustrations for my book. Made one of the Loch Ness Monster that looks exactly like her. Also one of our old, now demolished, boat shop – a shot from the entry looking up at the peak – with the stern of a Stonington Pulling Boat jutting above the doorway. Another of the Hadlyme-Chester Ferry approaching her slip.

Found an advertisement last night for land on Cape Breton Island: forty acres for sixteen thousand dollars. It might be a viable option for retirement; the winters are not much frostier than here. The Gulf Stream shares its mildness with the shores of the North Atlantic. Inserted Halifax in my weather site and looked at mean temperatures throughout the year. About eight degrees cooler the whole year round, with lots of precipitation winter long. A winter conducive to writing lengthy books. Or sailing south.

But the boating there should be glorious during the summer. Sounds and harbors abound. I imagine there are plenty of snug holes to shelter in, though the coast is probably rocky. The elevation on Cape Breton Island rises to over quarter mile in places. Not exactly a sand dune.

I'd probably want to follow the seals south come Christmas time. Cape Breton Island lies five degrees of latitude, or three hundred nautical miles, north of the Connecticut shore, but a good deal farther, following the coast. It would certainly be a pleasant jaunt and I'd get to inflict myself on the state of Maine. When I arrived in Connecticut, I would need to live aboard if I sell this house.

I have no doubt I can continue writing memoirs of ships and harbors and seals and serpents until I grow too old to sail my boat. Then I shall write only sea stories, made up out of whatever's left of my mind. I see myself, in decrepitude, living aboard, tied up in some marina; venturing out with younger folk who are willing to put up with a crusty codger. At night I shall sit in my cockpit and gaze at the sea – that wondrous, live, and fathomless breadth of beauty – until the moon sets, when my faithful mermaid lays aloft and helps me below to my bunk.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Ragnar Meets Roger

I enjoyed Roger Crossland's very delightful, refreshingly humorous account of the 2012 Blackburn Ocean Challenge in the November issue (pgs 19-21. I was especially intrigued by the "Ragnar" character. He sounded very familiar. As a matter of fact I think he and his dog "Odin" (not his real name) are looking over at Roger in his outrigger from the facing page (pg 18). Very interesting that Ragnar's article came in ahead of Roger's by a couple of pages, like the couple of places in the race. I am sure Roger and Ragnar will meet again, like next year. By the way, 2013 will be Ragnar's 12th to Roger's 3rd solo Blackburn. Roger also trails 9 years of age behind Ragnar, which Ragnar would gladly trade, so I hear.

Jovially, "Ragnar", aka Reinhard Z. Orono, ME

South Bay Memories

I grew up in Bay Shore, LI, with all kinds of boats. My own first boat was a nondescript 11' flat-iron skiff, at about age 7, but the family (three generations in one house) had an old South Bay Sloop converted to power, about 45'. That had a beautiful 12' sharpie as a tender, built around 1910 by DeWitt Conklin in Patchogue. There was also an Old Town 16' canoe, about 1920 vintage, and an Acorn sailboat, similar to the later Blue Jay, but with less freeboard. And finally, an aquaplane to tow behind the powerboat, at all of 8kts flat out. I used to stand on that aquaplane and paddle it with a 6' oar. That was over 70 years ago, and now it's very popular as paddle boarding.

Just before WWII, we added an Evinrude Elto 1.2hp to hang on the two skiffs. The DeWitt Conklin sharpie had to have a bracket added because the rake of its transom was too much for the outboard to handle. My cousins and I ran that rig across Great South Bay from Bay Shore to Kismet and back one time, rather a slow trip. I even had a gas ration card for that motor during the war, a whole 2 gallons per year per hp. That turned out to be plenty, since the motor's tank only held a pint and a half, and that would run it for an hour at anything less than wide open.

Near the end of the war, when I was about 13, we were down to just the canoe and the good sharpie. My grandfather took me to a few boat yards looking for a sailboat just for me, my cousins having moved to Connecticut. One of our stops was the Conklin yard in Patchogue, where we met Todd Conklin who had taken over the business from his deceased father. There was no boat there for me, but my grandfather had a good time reminiscing. In Babylon we finally found a suitable boat, apparently a one-of-a-kind, about 14' and heavy. I spent three years slow sailing, but covered a lot of western Great South Bay.

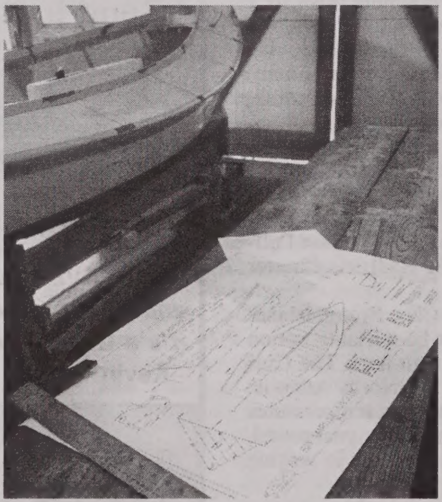
Finally, at about age 15, I moved up to a Cape Cod Knockabout, 18', with a full racing rig, #104. That expanded my reach and gave me a taste of racing. About that time I also made an outboard bracket for the canoe and hung a 2hp Evinrude on it. Great fun, including the time a friend and I took it out into the bay on a rough day and got "pooped" by a breaking wave curling in over both sides at the creek entrance on the way back in. I did manage to shut off the Evinrude before it went under. That was the same year I became a deck hand for Gus Pagel on the ferries to Fair Harbor during summer vacations and spring and fall weekends.

Three of my buddies and I would take off the week after school was out, before starting our summer jobs, and cruise out to Shelter Island in a borrowed 30' powerboat. Then it was off to college for all of us, and a break from boating. Two of them became Navy captains and I ended up building nuclear submarines. All that early boating sort of steered our whole lives.

Nick Fast, Hilton head, NC

Events & Activities...

Learn to Build a Boat at CBMM



Beginning in December 2012 and continuing through May, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St. Michaels is offering public boatbuilding through its Apprentice for a Day program. During museum hours on select Saturdays and Sundays from December 1 through May 26th, participants will be creating a replica of *Ghost*, a circa 1916-1920 deadrise bateau skiff that is part of CBMM's collection of historic Chesapeake vessels.

By constructing a boat from start to finish throughout the process, traditional Chesapeake boatbuilding techniques will be taught to participants of all skill levels under the direction of a CBMM shipwright. The process includes lofting; steaming and shaping the chine; milling and installing side frames; centerboard trunk and centerboard construction; decking, rudder and mast making; and more.

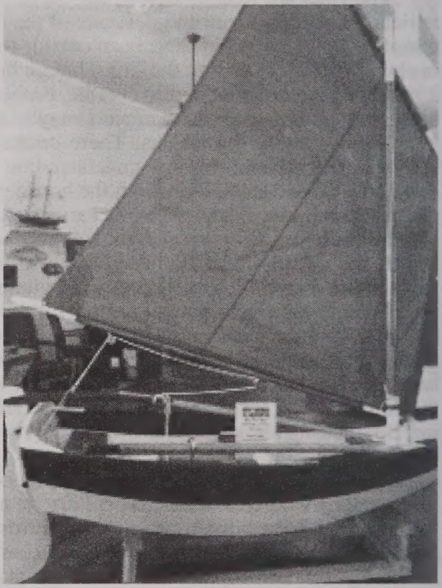
Participants can be a part of the whole process, or can sign up for specific dates (it's not too late in January to do so). The Journeyman's Special package includes any four days for one reduced price, and can diversify the experience to include several different skills.

Individual classes are $45 for museum members and $55 for non-members. A four-day Journeyman's Special package is $150 for members and $200 for non-members, with gift certificates available. Participants must be 16 or older, unless accompanied by an adult.

To purchase a gift certificate or to preregister, call (410) 745-2916. To download the complete Apprentice for a Day winter/spring 2012 schedule, visit www.cbmm.org/l_boatyard.htm.

Information of Interest...

Win this Boat!



She was a pretty little thing to start with, but we repainted her. And that looked so good we varnished her parts. Then we had to buy her fancy new oarlocks, and line. This Joel White designed, 7'7" Nutshell Pram will go to the winning raffle ticket holder on February 18th, and the money raised will benefit the boatbuilding programs at the Florida Maritime Museum. Raffle tickets are $6 each or two for $10. Send us a check and we will send the tickets, or come in person buy the tickets and check out what we have going on here. We have new programs, exhibits, and lots of people who are crazy about boats.

Karen Riley-Love, Supervisor, Florida Maritime Museum, (941) 708-6121 karen.rileylove@manateeclerk.com,

for R.B. "Chips" Shore, Manatee County Clerk of the Circuit Court and Comptroller, www.manateeclerk.com

Projects...

225 Warship Models For Canadian Gala Event

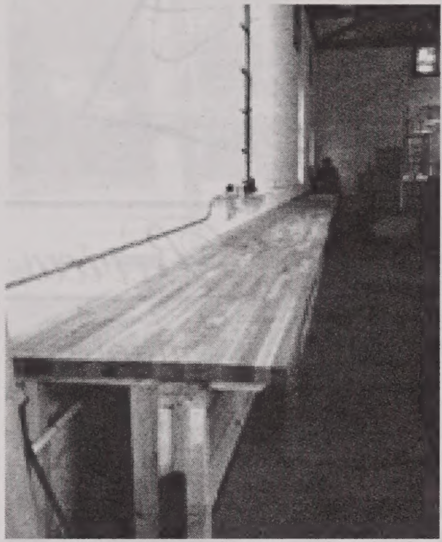
San Marcos, California based SD Model Makers delivered 225 replica ship models of the Canadian Naval Frigate *HMCS Toronto* (FFH 333) for use by the Toronto based True Patriot Love foundation at their recent annual tribute dinner. The 1:440 scale, 12" length models with Acrylic cases, were the cornerstone auction items at the November 1st gala held by the foundation. The annual tribute dinner supports and honors members of the Canadian military and their families, wherever they may serve. The annual gala is the organization's flagship and largest charity event across the country, hosting senior-level business and political leadership. This year the event raised over $2.3 million for the fourth year in a row.

SD Model Makers owner, Captain Brad Poulos, states: "We specialize in making museum quality ship models for ship builders, boat yards and vessel owners. It was an honor to provide models for the True Patriot Love Foundation event. When we learned the focus of this year's tribute dinner was on the Canadian Navy, we realized a detailed replica model of a modern Canadian naval vessel was a perfect fit for an auction item."

SD Model Makers can produce ship models in any size or scale desired, as well as display and transportation cases.

Captain Brad Poulos, San Diego, CA, (760) 525-4341, captainbrad@sdmodelmakers.com www.sdmodelmakers.com.

A Really Long Workbench



We just finished building this 48' long workbench alongside the east wall of the boatshop. It fits six pre-fab Boos block maple tops end-to-end with removable lower shelves. At its structural center is the strongback used to build the Sound Inter Club mast. The whole thing can be easily disassembled so that we can use the strongback next time. It's rugged as heck!

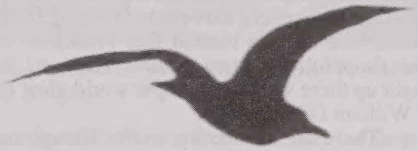
Tumblehome Boatshop, Warrensburg, NY, www.tumblehomeboatshop.com

This Magazine...

Never Too Young

One is never too young to enjoy the latest edition of *MAIB*!

Steve Lansdowne



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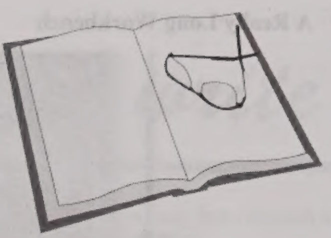


Book Review

Boats: An Anthology

By David Seybold
1997 Book Sized Paperback
(Still in Print)
Available from Amazon
(Dirt Cheap, if You Buy It Used)
Reviewed by Ernie Cassidy

Given the title of this book, *Boats: An Anthology*, you might think it was published by Bob Hicks & Co. It's not, but it's the kind of book I know Bob would enjoy, as much as anything because it's not, in the strictest sense of the word, about boats.

It is an anthology of fictional stories, essays, memoirs and even a poem by a collection of 27 authors, some relatively famous (Raymond Carver, Annie Dillard, E. Annie Proulx, Peter Matthiessen, Tim Cahill), some not quite so (including David Seybold himself and actor Rip Torn).

All the pieces have something to do with ships, boats or boatmen but the themes run the gamut from boating adventures, much like those we find in *Messing About*, to introspective ruminations about the meaning of life and other weighty matters, all the way to the phantasmagoric (Annie Dillard's contribution).

There are nostalgic reminiscences about trips in boats. There's a funny story about two adventurers trying to get their vehicle loaded onto a freighter in Columbia, just before a holiday weekend.

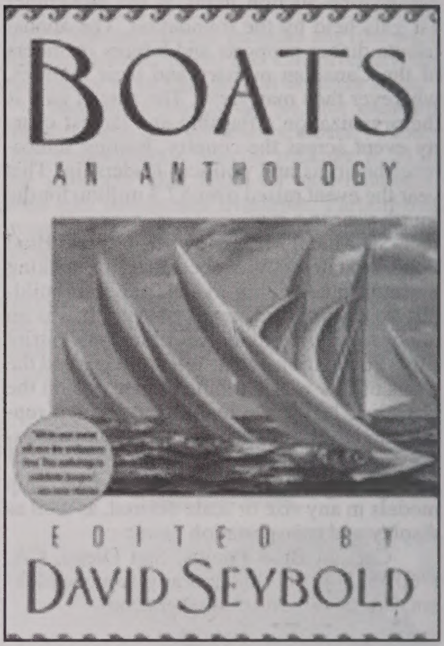
There's a heartbreaking yet somehow upbeat coming of age story about a young runaway girl and an old boat captain. There's a well imagined, and disturbing, story about commercial iceberg harvesters bringing fresh water to a climate blasted San Francisco in the (hopefully) distant future. That one is right up there with the distopic world view of a William Gibson novel.

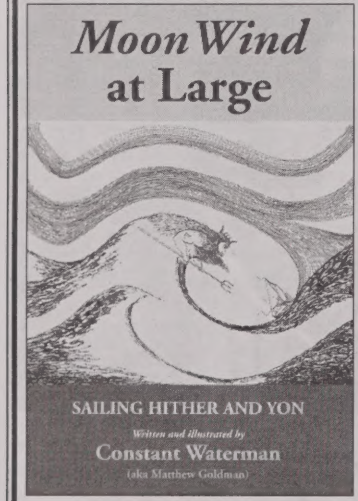
These are all literary works, though no one should be put off by that term. If you are "into boats" you'll enjoy most of these stories and articles. If you've ever had a pleasant afternoon on, or near, the water, you'll enjoy this book. If either of those two things applies to you, and you appreciate sensitive, skillful and articulate use of the written word, you'll love this book.

As another reviewer put it: "Here is a beautifully written book to be appreciated by old salts and landlubbers alike. There are many moods and feelings here, conveying to the reader humor, terror, calm, joy, beauty, all the seductions of the sea."—*Parade*.

Being one myself, this is a great book to recommend to busy people. These are all short pieces that can be read in one sitting. I read some of them in the pickup, waiting for the sign to flip from red to yellow while being held up by road construction.

David Seybold is a freelance writer and author living in Maine. He has published three other anthologies, *Fathers and Sons: An Anthology*, *Seasons of the Angler: A Fisherman's Anthology* and *Seasons of the Hunter*. All have been well received and enthusiastically reviewed.





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The Able Bodied Sea-Person

Expanding the Notion

By Dave Zeiger

In *The Non-Macho Sailor*, Katie Burke reminds us that the forces we sailors face dwarf our human scale. We can each of us - no matter our skill or physical ability - be overwhelmed by the merest shrug of wind or sea. Our minds numb with cold or fatigue. Our bodies famish with hunger or thirst.

But we are not helpless. We clothe ourselves to retain the precious heat of our bodies, we amplify our strength with simple machines - the lever, block and tackle, the wedge. With friction - turn upon turn - we bind and harness the wind's power. Our vessel is scaled, built and refined to extend the strengths of her crew and shield their weaknesses, she must carry us safely through the range of conditions her purpose demands.

At any given moment, we are each of us constrained by limitations. So many of us share nearly the same set that we often fail to see them as such, taking both strength and weakness for granted. We're all able bodied seafolk, here... right?

Well, that brings me to our friend, Shemaya.

Ye Vessel: *S/V Auklet* ex-Phil Bolger Chebacco... 20'x6'x2', glass-house variant, rigged cat-yawl with a snug Layden Lug main (designed by Matt Layden for such small cruisers as his Paradox, it furls around a rolling boom) and sprit-boomed mizzen. A Torquedo electric motor (charged via solar panel) provides a window of propulsion.

Ye Crew: Anke and myself, a pair of live-aboard fringe-dwellers from SE Alaska. Drawn out of our shell to New England for a wedding, we leapt at this chance to sail with our friend and...

La Capitaine: Shemaya Laurel. We joined her for a short leg (Gloucester to Plymouth, Massachusetts) of her much longer, single-handed journey, which had extended as far north as Penobscot, Maine.

Ye Support Crew: Shemaya's voyage is supported, landside, by a team who handles supply and transportation issues. Anke and I benefited from their hospitality and friendship before and after our part of the trip.

Anke and I sailed with Shemaya across five days and four nights. We enjoyed meeting Suzanne Altenberger and Bob and Jane Hicks in Gloucester. We had wind on the nose, on the beam and abaft. We anchored and docked. We had a beautiful night sail past Boston under a full moon. Suburban sailing was new and exciting to us - dazzling, with myriad lights. We scampered across busy traffic lanes. We saw birds and boats we'd only ever seen in pictures. Accommodations were snug but ample. A wonderful time enjoyed by all.

Blah, blah, blah. No offense intended to anyone, but this kind of story bores me, third hand. Great fun in person, and I enjoy such yarns, spinnin' or spun in person (interactively) with most anyone. But unless I personally know at least some of the people involved, I seldom read one. Nor do I feel inspired to write it up. There is something special about this story, though, which seems worth sharing.

Shemaya, Dave and Anke about to depart on five day cruise on Massachusetts Bay in *Auklet*, Shemaya's Glass House Chebacco designed by Phil Bolger.

Shemaya is constrained by a chronic condition which severely limits her mobility, physical strength and stamina. Chemical and food sensitivities impact her diet, routines and social contacts. Routine tasks of a sailor - anchor set and haul, sail raising, reefing and handing, watch-keeping and all the rest - are managed with a body whose force must be mustered and rationed. Her energies can be precipitously drained by exertion. Every motion must be carefully planned and executed with the greatest care and economy.

All this with none other to tail a line or heave a pawl, pass a mug up or relieve the watch. All this with style, grace and - especially - graciousness. It takes a lot of that to interact with those of us who are generally considered to be able bodied. We (well, I should speak for myself)... I arrive laden with ignorance, compassion (a fine line there, beyond which can lie unintended condescension), good intentions, ill-fitting habits and assumptions.

Meanwhile, Shemaya has her vessel in hand. The boat and its every function has been scaled and adapted to her range of ability. She has sailed, this summer, over many miles of busy and challenging waters, with no more excitement than anyone would expect on such a voyage. Her seamanship is competent and businesslike. Her stories lack the luster of danger or derring-do. She has tooled up in accordance with her constraints, and then simply gone sailing.

It turns out that the challenged ones aboard were Anke and myself! Shemaya has her world in order; every routine is... well... routine. It was we who were a bit awkward and out-of-place within it. But Shemaya is a gracious host and patient teacher. With kindness and tolerance, she brought us into easy harmony aboard *Auklet*. And this launches a conversation.

There's something I've been learning is endured by people who go out and do what they want to do in the face of greater than usual constraints; they are told, "You are an INSPIRATION (Amazing. Astonishing. Phenomenal. Et Cetera. But especially 'an Inspiration.')" One might think it a fine compliment. This has been my own tendency until this trip, through which Shemaya is helping me toward a paradigm shift.

Trouble is, compliments of this sort often carry baggage in the form of underlying assumptions and attitudes. They often establish a pedestal, then plant the recipient firmly upon it. Personhood is easily lost in a sort of statuary; respect marbled with pity. From this point on, everything is seen through the lens of disability. The most banal action becomes special. An achievement. Against such a background, how can true achievement be discerned?

For example, Lord Nelson is remembered for his naval tactics and ferocity, not because he had lost an arm. He was not exceptional because of his condition, or even in spite of it. The loss of a limb is a mere footnote to an independently exceptional life.

Being labeled an Inspiration can give rise to the feeling, from without and/or within, that there is something - anything - to prove. To live up to. That one is and must continue to be an Inspiration with a capital 'I', rather than simply one's self.

Meanwhile, the process of working out of a vessel's details to fit her crew's needs and abilities is exactly the same as for all of us. We inventory our strengths and limitations, all of which fall along a spectrum. Ideally, our vessel becomes as unique to ourselves as the shell of a mollusk, in perfect harmony with our needs. In all cases, a boat's detail will favor this or that solution. The further from the norm one fares, to be sure - to the antipodes of body, soul or the planet - the more research and ingenuity are required.

The notion of independence is one we, as sailors, cherish. Yet we all of us rely on networks to supplement our abilities and interests. Whether via a piece of wood, metal, cloth, plastic or food item, we all engage vast and largely unacknowledged networks of persons who reap, refine, transport and market the goods we employ. Even in our support networks - reimbursed or not - we tailor their extent and the services they provide to our unique needs. Our vessels do not float on water alone.

Tristan Jones didn’t become any less of a seaman (nor rascal, for that matter) for the loss of his legs. He chose a broad, stable platform (trimaran), equipped it with hoists and specialized gear and recruited a crew able and willing to work with him. He merely arranged a different set of solutions on his way to the horizon.

As an illustrative thought experiment, try this out: Is being short (altitudinally challenged, if you prefer) a handicap to overcome? Are achievements by short persons inspirational because they are short? Did Napoleon Bonaparte do pretty well for a short person? Did he conquer his empire? He and what army? What tools did his army use, and who provided those?

So I’m expanding my notions of what it means to be able-bodied. I’m learning to decapitalize the ‘I’ in inspiration - to the level I’d afford any of my ingenious and intrepid friends who are out living their dreams.

And yet, this conversation is only beginning. Somewhere in me is still a deep acknowledgement of obstacles overcome. A gut feeling that dues are inherent to the best of the Blues; that greatness is rare in the absence of struggle. That achievement is, at least in some measure, relative to the cost.

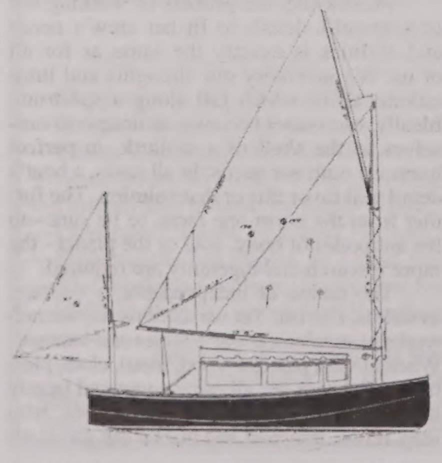
Helen Keller’s story still seems more to me than yet another story of a spoiled child who matured into a deep and worthwhile person.

Shemaya’s voyage still seems more to me than just a summer’s cruise.

(Dave Zeiger and Anke Wagner live aboard *Slacktide*, Dave’s own designed Trilo-boat, a 26’x7’ junk cat-ketch rigged “barge” in Alaskan waters. To learn more about Dave’s unique series of designs on this theme go to www.triloboats.com)

Chebacco Boats

Chapter 45
Boats with an Open Mind
ISBN 0-07-006376-1
International Marine Publishing 1994
By Philip C. Bolger
19’8”x7’5”xl’0”/3’11”(sheet plywood)
19’8”x7’5 x1’6”
(higher sides and shelter house)
19’6”x7’9”xl’0” (lapstrake)



The Essex River north of Cape Ann on the Massachusetts coast is a long, twisting tidal creek. Its head of navigation used to be a world-class center of mass-production wooden ship building, fishermen, coasters, whalers, now and then a yacht. For 200 years the foreshore was lined with rising timbers. Looking at the creek now, it’s not to be believed that 150’ three-masted schooners were worked through it. It looks as though it couldn’t be negotiated by the steam tug, let alone the vessel.

Nowadays, it really couldn’t be done because the creek is solidly lined on both sides with boat slips. The slips are full, and the remaining open marshy banks are out of bounds. Any more boats have to be hauled away from the water when they’re not in use.

The Story Shipyard has built vessels here for seven generations, father to son, since 1813. Now it builds fewer and smaller craft than it did in its famous years. The yard is no longer on the too-valuable foreshore, and its boats are not built on the assumption that they’ll be wrecked in a few years (those massively timbered ships were as shortlived as automobiles). The lower tempo of production introduces a sequencing problem. building one or two boats a year, a single cancellation can create a cash-flow problem. There’s a need for standard models for which there’s a steady demand, to build on speculation when there’s a gap in bespoken work.

The crowded slips point to a trailer boat, overproduction of utilities and cruisers to a daysailer. Bradford Story and I conceived the Chebacco boats to fit a niche market: a trailer boat/daysailer. (Essex was once called Chebacco Parish of narby Ipswich, and its first distinctive product was a cuddy-cabin fishing boat, so-called.)

The first batch were cold-molded, expensive for their capability. The second group were built from a sheet-plywood design with a huge saving in labor time. The motor centered on the stern replaced the makeshift (and ugly) off-center bracket of the first series to make them handier under power for running up the narrow channel between the rows of boat slips.

The motor’s position called for an inboard rudder, which also improved the tiller position in the cockpit. The mizzenmast could be centered and set inboard, allowing use of sheets to the quarters, eliminating a long boomkin. With two sheets thus, the weather-side sheet controls the sail. The lee sheet hangs slack. The sprit boom’s downward thrust keeps the clew from lifting and slacking the leech. Neither sheet has to be touched in tacking; both can be set up tight to hold the boom on center, making the best use of the cat-yawl’s ability to weathercock for reefing, or to lie steadily to an anchor.

The inboard rudder needed a skeg to protect it on the trailer, and by extending the skeg forward some of the centerboard could be buried under the hull, reducing the intrusion inside. We found that this shallow keel allowed the boats to sail to windward and maneuver reliably in 12” of water, opening up sand flats usually accessible only to rowing boats and jet-skis. (They sail and maneuver much better with the centerboard down in deeper water.)

Rudders as shallow as this used to be unreliable, but the addition of end plates on the bottoms of the blades made them very satisfactory. Pressure that used to be dissipated off the long lower edge is now maintained by the end plate, improving not only steering but lateral-plane effectiveness. The same effect is produced at the top of the rudder by keeping the gap between the rudder and the bottom of the hull as tight as possible. In some designs I put the rudder stock at right angles to the bottom to sweep the bottoms all through the steering arc, but a vertical axis reduces the gap as the helm angle increases, and avoids increasing the drag of the end plate at large helm angles. (With the rudder stock raked either way, an end plate is canted to the water flow when the rudder is put over.)

The Chebacco’s flat bottom, or wide keel, allows the shallow draft. The high and wide chines give reserve stability and buoyancy. These boats have no ballast, but they can’t be capsized by less than hurricane winds or any sea that is not breaking heavily. With their low freeboard and big cockpits, they’re meant to be fairweather boats, but they can deal with rough water given prudent handling.

The Glass House Version

The third version with higher sides and shelter house, was designed for Doug and Kelly Wood to sail on San Francisco Bay, where wet and windy days are more usual than they are on Massachusetts Bay in summer. To make the cabin more inviting, the centerboard was eliminated, replaced by a ballasted keel and deeper rudder. This boat needs 18” of water, still tolerable for trailer hauling. Her range of stability is increased almost into the offshore category by the extra freeboard and the small outside ballast casting.

Very shallow keels are unweatherly in open water and sustained wind because they work in water so near the surface that it is blown to leeward by wind friction, carrying the boat with it. Given sea room, this is a virtue; the drift reduces the force of wind and the impact of waves on the boat. It has also been argued, by the famous Commodore Ralph Munroe among others, that there’s merit in a boat which runs into knee-deep water if she’s blown onto a lee shore. (The proponents of this theory all live on shelving coasts.)

I call this glass-house version a motorsailer, but it has practically the same sailing performance as the daysailer. What difference there is, is due to the sail area lost by the higher boom. Laying out the boat to be sailed from inside the house doubles the cabin space, since nothing has to be withheld for a cockpit. It puts crew weight just where it belongs in a light boat. The helmsman can stand up in the companionway, with the tiller lifted up to swing clear abaft the bulkhead, for close maneuvering.

A sheet-plywood boat with a prominent forefoot, like this, has a twist in the bilge panels forward, which makes the panels difficult to coax into place. The first boat had 1/2” thick bilge panels: This was changed on the following boats to two courses of 1/4”, which made the work easier but took longer. Brad suggested that a glued plywood clinker hull might be less work and look better. It actually took a few more hours to plank than the sheet-panel boats, and there’s some difference of opinion about which has more character. The clinker boat heels less easily to small angles due to her wider waterline. As far as can be judged without a long series of races, performance is the same.

Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race Tragedy

A WavV.com Report
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

A crewman aboard a 50' sailboat had died after he fell overboard near the mouth of the Rappahannock River. Coast Guard spokesman Lt. Brett Workman said watch standers were notified just after 7pm about a man who fell overboard from the schooner *Cuchulain* near Windmill Point in the Chesapeake Bay. The vessel had just completed racing in the annual Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race, which started in Annapolis, Maryland, Thursday and ended around 4pm Friday off the Virginia coast. The seven member crew of the *Cuchulain* was taking down the ship's sails in high winds and rough seas when the crewman fell overboard, said Virginia Marine Police spokesman John Bull.

The *Cuchulain*, based out of Pasadena, Maryland, was running on its diesel engines when a heavy sail knocked 68-year-old Paul Stephen Case of Racine, Wisconsin, into the water. Bull said Case lost consciousness after he went into the water. Crew members pulled him back aboard and began CPR.

The Coast Guard launched a response boat from the Milford Haven station. The crew brought Case back to the station where they were met by Middlesex County paramedics. Resuscitation attempts by the Coast Guard and paramedics were unsuccessful and medics pronounced him dead at the station.

Bull described Case as an experienced and avid sailor who competed in the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race the last two years. Crew members told Virginia Marine Police Case was not wearing his life jacket when he fell into the water.

"This has all the hallmarks of an accidental drowning," Bull said.

The body was taken to the Medical Examiner's Office in Richmond to determine the exact cause of death.

Chuck Sutherland Observations

Paul Stephen Case tragically died after being knocked overboard from the schooner *Cuchulain* at the end of this year's Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race. I think this case illustrates some more serious aspects of boating than are generally presented to boaters. We live in a culture in which PFDs are regarded as a personal admission of lacking skills and self confidence on the water, you're not a real boater if you wear a PFD. When we have suggested to boaters/paddlers not wearing PFDs on cold water that they should wear it, we have been told, "it is none of your business, it is right here if I need it," usually strapped to the rear deck. Also, "I hope you drown!" Abundant hostility!!!

Individuals will gasp in a moment of panic/shock or surprise. Falling unprepared or unprotected into cold water will induce gasping and immediate drowning. A half quart of water will do it. I checked the weather buoys that day. Water temp was about 68°-69°F. A strong gasp will haul in six times that amount of water into the respiratory system. Many boaters are unprepared for sudden events such as falling overboard.

By comparison, whitewater kayakers are constantly faced with sudden capsizes that cannot be anticipated. We learn to instantly switch to rolling or getting out mode! I have ridden out substantial sections of white water waiting for the right moment to roll up. I never missed, even when the impact of the capsize blew off my spray skirt (I rolled up with a boat full of water and paddled it to shore). I once punched a rock with my left fist while upside down but I rolled up and didn't freak out!

The type of PFD used matters in a very serious way. IT MUST BE WORKING FROM THE FIRST MOMENT the victim's head is under water. Hopefully, the victim's head will be prevented from going under water. An inflatable PFD will not adequately accomplish this objective. It's a myth that a PFD restricts movement. Whitewater paddling on the big stuff (Class 5) is a super active activity and the PFDs we use don't "RESTRICT OUR RANGE OF MOTION!"

You don't put on a seat belt after the accident, it's the same with PFDs. The crew threw Mr Case a couple of floats of some sort. The floats just marked the spot where the victim drowned. One of the recurrent arguments that boaters use is that they are so well trained that they can easily see when it is necessary to put on the PFDs. As a matter of fact, they cannot do that, as clearly demonstrated by this schooner death. Accidents are what they are exactly because they cannot be anticipated. When the capsize, fall over the side, etc, will happen cannot be known. The boater must be trained to instantly switch to response mode. STOP BREATHING for example.

Training in seamanship reduces the frequency of accidents. The idea that this means accidents won't happen is unrealistic. Accidents may have nothing to do with our skills as boaters. Accidents cannot be reduced to zero. Thus, we must be prepared to act if an accident has put us in the water. The PFD must be worn and operational to prevent further tragedies such as this.

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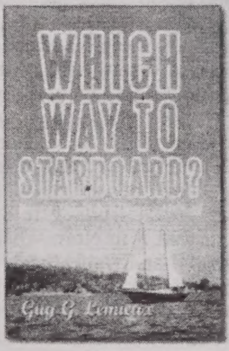

By
Guy G.
Lemieux

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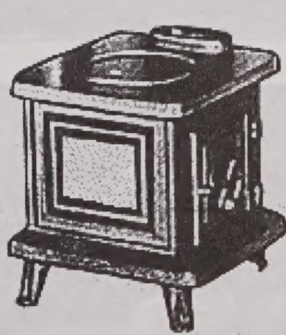

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The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

By John Zohlen
Photos from CBMM
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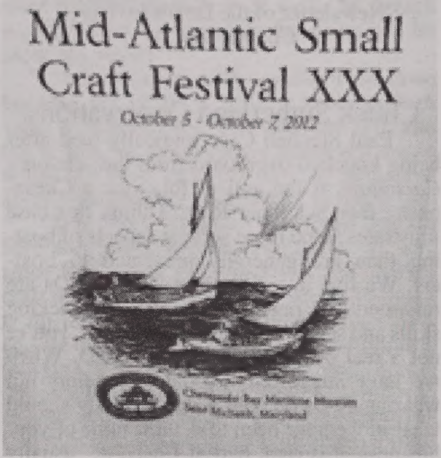


Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXX

October 5 - October 7, 2012

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum
Saint Michaels, Maryland

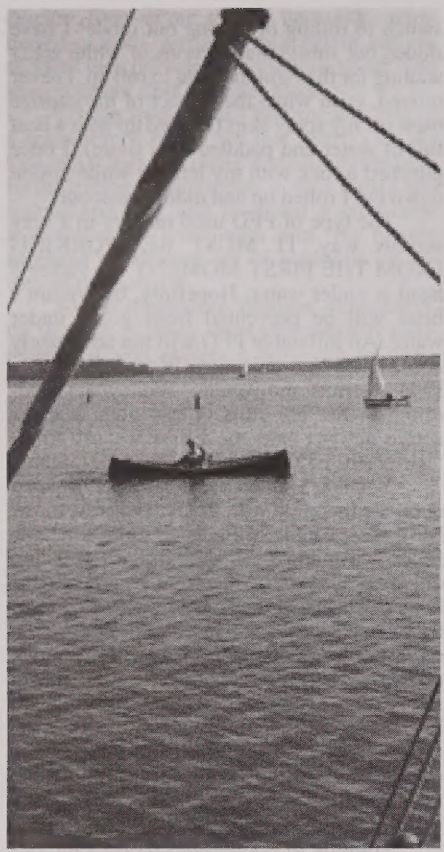
The 30th Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival took place in October on the grounds of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels Maryland. My first MASCF was #3. I probably have attended 20 over the years. Some were with my Dovekie, some with the Peep Hen and some just for the day without a boat or sleeping over. This year was different. I took my new-to-me 2006 Roadtrek 210 Class B motor home.

Norm Wolfe and I had talked about sleeping and boating options before the event. Should we take the Roadtrek and tow his boat like we did for the Mid-Atlantic Messabout last May or just come separately. We decided on the latter. I would bring the RT and he would come with his boat.

I arrived at the museum grounds around noon on Thursday and found a nice site under the pine trees along the long entrance road to the museum. Perfect! I left room for Norm to park his car and trailer next to the RT. After lunch I pulled the Dahon folding bicycle (16" wheels) out of the "trunk" storage area and unfolded it. Off I rode through St Michaels to the boat launching ramp. I called Norm and he said he was 30 minutes away. When he arrived I helped launch *Piilu*. I folded the bike again and stowed it in Norm's van. I drove the van, bicycle and trailer back to the museum grounds and parked it next to the RT. Norm sculled across St Michaels harbor and into Fogg Cove. He moored at the head of a pier in about a foot and a half of water.

We sailed *Piilu* in light winds Thursday afternoon. The weather was perfect, warm and light winds. We both were glad we had decided to come to the Festival early. By late afternoon most of the sites suitable for camping were taken. There were other small motor homes plus the usual small tents and large tent complexes. The MASCF is a family event so there were lots of kids and bicycles going up and down the street to the waterfront.

Friday was another good sailing day. Norm and I spent most of the day meeting new and old friends. One gentleman came all the way from Madison, Wisconsin, for his first MASCF. Of course, Normsboat always draws a crowd at the dock. Some recognize the boat as a Jim Michalak design and oth-



ers are just curious. The highlight of the day was our trip to a large shed outside of St Michaels which we had visited about four years ago when Sidney and John spent ten years building the *Katherine May Edwards*, a 45' five-log bugeye.

The shed was empty now, sort of. Over the years Sidney has collected more than a dozen old boat builder's tool chests, some are 150 years old. He has an extensive collection of other old marine artifacts in the shed. It was like walking through a museum. We would say, "Sidney, what is this, or, what is the history of that object?" and he would go into a lengthy description. The best part of the visit to Sidney's small farm was to actually see the *Katherine May* moored to a pier in a small cove behind his house. She is one solid and beautiful boat.

Saturday started with a brisk wind. We got underway in *Piilu* about 10am with two other rather large gentlemen aboard. They had wanted to sail in a Normsboat. Norm put one reef in the sail in spite of the extra weight. We really needed the reef. As I said, the sailing was brisk.

The MASCF traditionally has an open class sailboat race on Saturday afternoon. Norm wanted to race and I was anxious to serve as crew. We debated about putting in a reef before getting underway but decided to sail out on to the Miles River and "take a look." The southeast wind was strong but we felt *Piilu* could handle it with a full sail. There were a lot of boats (I counted 39 sails) of all kinds milling around the starting line. There was a lot of confusion and two false starts, we think. Still do not know what happened.

We were one of the first boats across the line on the third start. More luck than talent! It was a long single, starboard tack to the weather mark. We probably should have fallen off and then come up on the mark instead of sailing straight to it. The result was that there were a lot of boats rounding the mark at the same time and we got pushed wide, really wide. Though we were with some of the other faster boats we lost some ground. We started for the next mark with the wind on the port quarter. This is where *Piilu* and Norm really shone. He moved us across the field of boats so that we had no one pushing us wide when rounding the second mark.

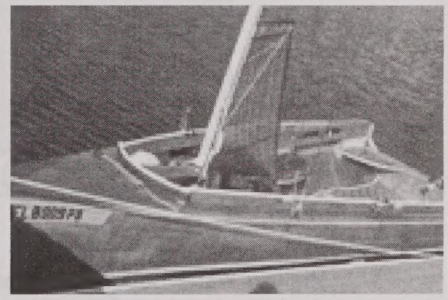
The final leg was a series of tacks to the finish line at the entrance to Fogg Cove. *Piilu* excels at short tacking in a moderate wind. There were several sailing canoes and yawls that challenged us but Norm was able hold them off. I do not know our actual finish place or time but I do know *Piilu* did well, very well. Both Norm and I were exhausted and elated! It was hard to believe that we had only been racing for about 55 minutes. We retrieved *Piilu* later in the afternoon because the weather was supposed to deteriorate overnight.

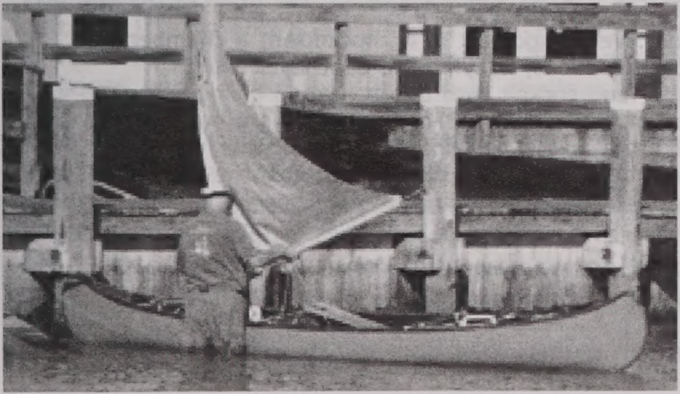
Saturday night was the time to celebrate our good finish in St Michaels. No more camper food! We walked down the main street looking for fish. Stuck our heads into a couple of places and looked at menus. Nothing jumped out at us. Then we decided on pizza. The pizza and wine bar had a long wait. What is this... pizza and wine bar stuff? We finally ended up at our old standby, the Carpenter Street Bar and Grill. The "C-Street" was where the idea for the *Shallow Water Sailor* newsletter was started after the 1985 Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. The Maryland crab soup and crab cakes were outstanding. Captain Norm rewarded the crew (me) for my part in our fine race by picking up the check. What is not to like here.

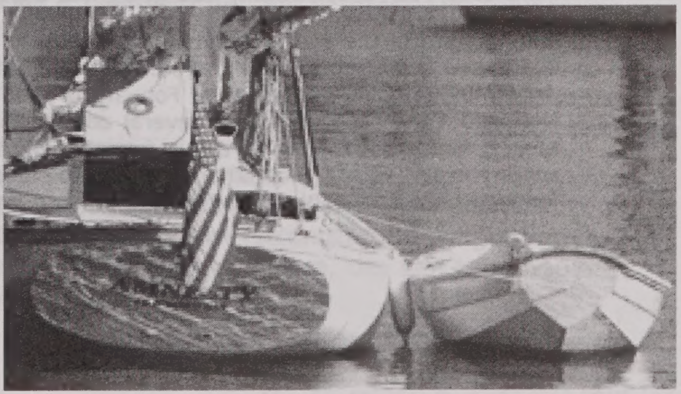
Sunday morn was cold, windy and threatening rain. After a quick walk through the waterfront I decided to head for home. Mary wanted to go to a sports bar at noon to watch the Green Bay Packers play football. I had to be home on time or she was going to leave without me. She IS a serious Packer fan! I left as it started to rain.

I must be showing signs of old age. I thoroughly enjoyed attending this year's MASCF sleeping in a warm, snug camper and sailing on someone else's boat. Hummm, maybe I could try that idea again at next year's Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. Just saying...

(***Ed Note:*** To view many more photos in full color Google: Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum MASCF)







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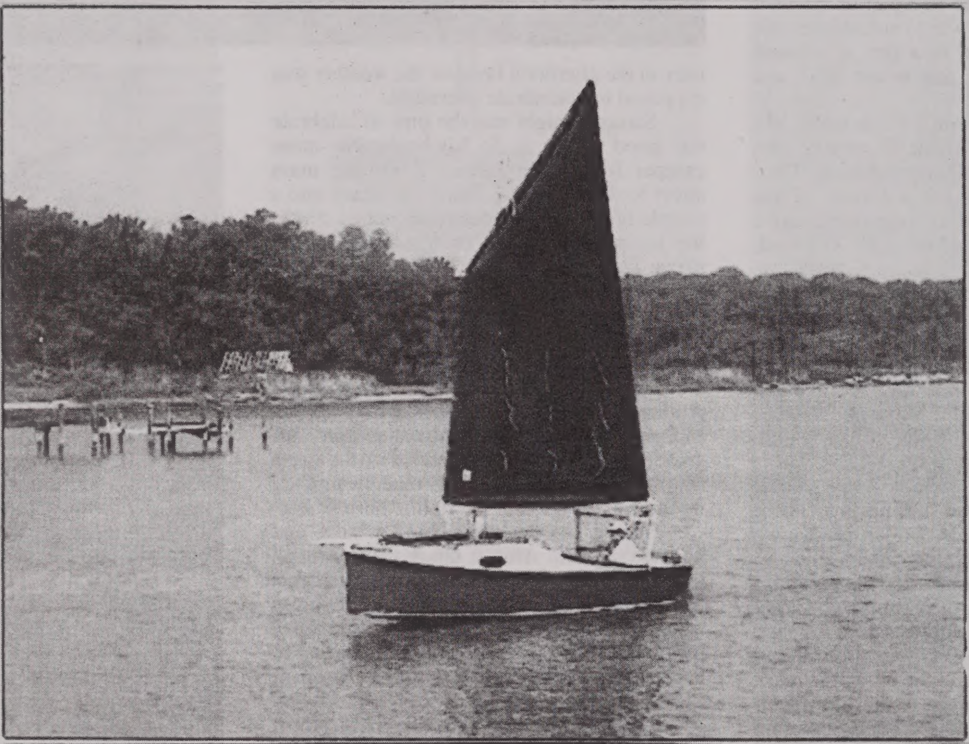
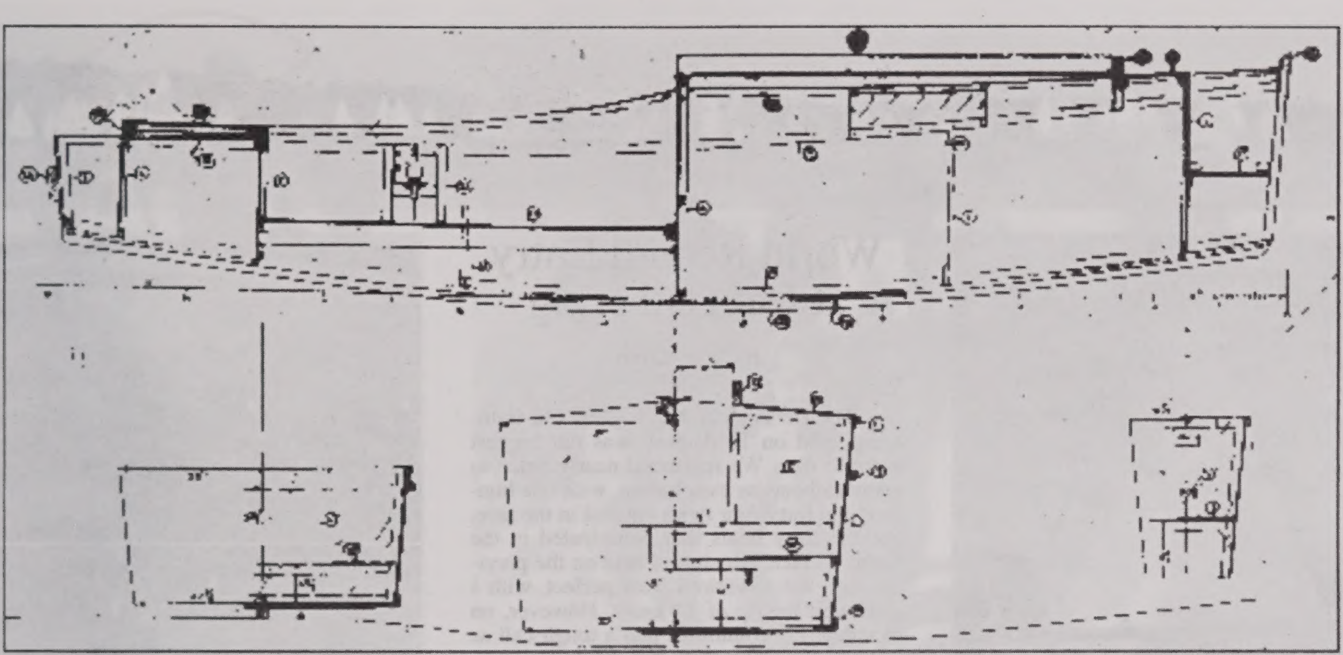


NORMSBOAT, 18' X 5-1/2", 600 POUNDS EMPTY

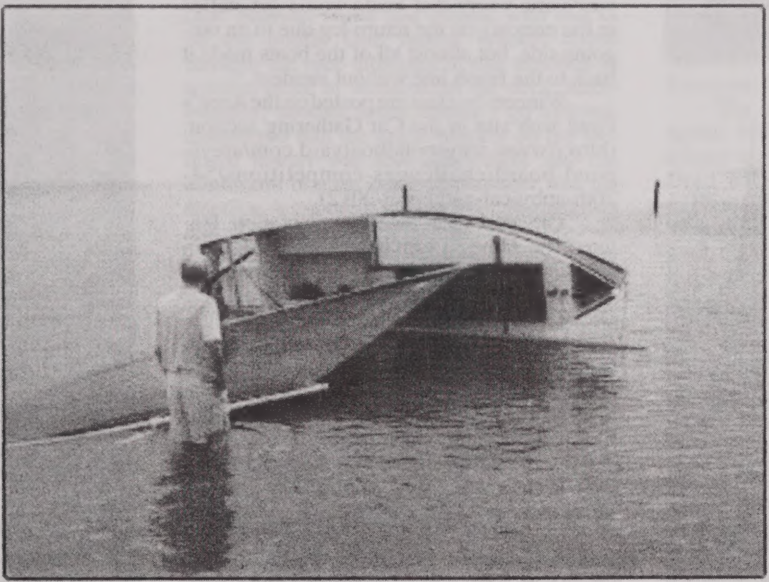
Normsboat was designed for Norm Wolf of Washington D.C. to join a group of trailer traveling shallow water sailors. He wanted the ability to motor and self rescue in a knockdown. Simplicity of rigging was also of importance. The prototype was built mostly by Richard Cullison of Cullison Smallcraft with some items done by Norm. Richard has presented a fine photo essay of the construction at his web site.

A real motor mount is the first reality that you face with almost any boat that is supposed to be on a schedule. Normsboat has a very short motor well in the stern that is full width. Small fuel cans can go there too, as can the extra anchors, boots, etc. Actually Norm hasn't used the motoring ability of his boat (yet) and uses a 12' long yuloh oar instead which you can see lashed to the deck of his boat - it looks like a bow sprit but it isn't. I show oar ports on the drawings, another way of getting around without a motor in calm conditions. That, by the way, is the Achilles heel of the idea of using oars instead of a motor on a sailing boat. The oars will work in calm conditions but they can't save your butt in really bad going like a good motor might.

Just forward of the well is a buoyancy/storage chamber. Very important in a knockdown, a chamber like this is supposed to hold the stern up when the cockpit floods, keeping the boat level and preventing flooding in the cabin. Forward of that is a 6' long cockpit with bench seating giving Normsboat the capacity to sail several adults. Forward of that is a 7-1/2' cuddy cabin right out of AF4. It has a slot top which allows you to walk right to the bow of the boat. In bad weather you cover the slot with a tarp. There is room to sleep two but they have to be great chums, the idea is for it to be a solo cabin. And finally there is a small well in the bow for a messy anchor.



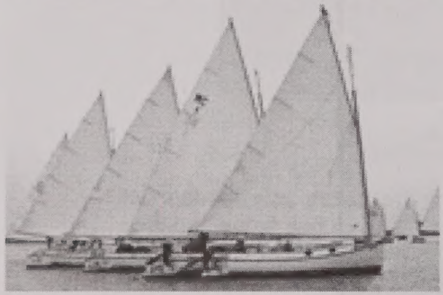
Norm did a practice capsize in calm conditions. It worked but I think most of us hoped the cabin slot would have more freeboard when the boat was on its side. I thought the AF3 capsize test went a lot better in that respect. I'm not sure why there is so much difference between the two. Anyway, I'm hoping for an AF2 practice capsize before making any decisions about it. Normsboat righted very easily when Norm grabbed the bottom and very little water inside the cockpit and none anywhere else. But I would be worried about a wave washing into the cabin slot in rough water and would make an effort to fit watertight hatches over the slot in rough going. I hope to write more about this in a later issue (if I figure it out).



The sail rig is right out of AF2 except here it is rigged as a balanced lug sail to make the rigging quicker. It also allows a lighter mast. On the downside, the mast must be stepped in the cabin but it won't be a bother to a solo cruiser. The boat could be rerigged as a gaffer as with AF2. Pivoting leeboard and rudder make sailing in shallows very easy.

Norm used to have a Dovekie. Phil Bolger, who designed Dovekie, would point out that the idea behind Dovekie was that it be non motorized and he would be disappointed that no one wants to row and everyone adds a motor. But almost every feature of Normsboat is something I learned from Bolger ..... the highly rockered sharpie hull, the double planked bottom (strength and weight where it is needed), the draining wells bow and stern, the emergency buoyancy system, the slot top cuddy, the lug sail with off center mounting, and the single pivoting leeboard.

Fourteen sheets of 3/8" plywood with simple nail and glue construction. No jigs, no lofting.



World Record Entry at Cat Gathering

By Tony Davis

The 20th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering, held on 18 August, was our biggest event to date. We registered nearly twice as many catboats as ever before, with one hundred and forty-four boats entered in the race. For the forty boats that participated in the warm-up race, which was held on the previous day, the conditions were perfect, with a southwest breeze of 12 knots. However, on race day, the committee had a tough call as a forecast of afternoon thunderstorms combined with hovering storm clouds cast doubt on whether the race should be held.

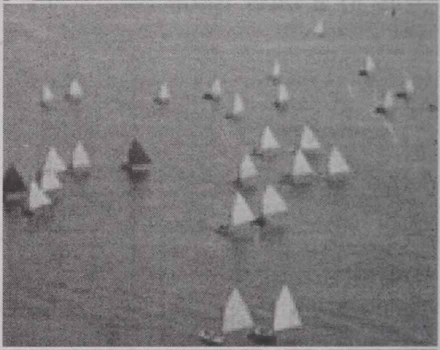
As it turned out, due to the potential for setting a Guinness World Record for the most catboats ever gathered, we had arranged for aerial photography to document the race, and the crew of the plane was able to report that the weather would be clear for the duration of the race. With that news, we began the sequence of three starts for 96 boats that had been circling the start line. The air was light, and there was some worry that boats would get stalled in the narrows on the return leg due to an outgoing tide, but almost all of the boats made it back to the finish line without incident.

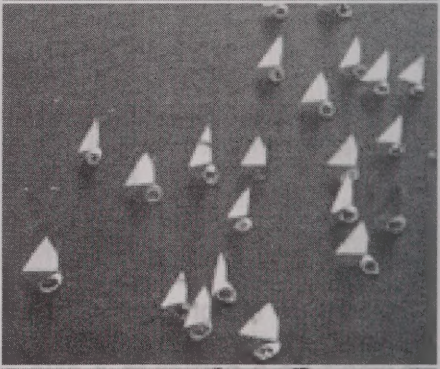
Winners by class are posted on the Arey's Pond web site in the Cat Gathering section: (http://www.areyspondboatyard.com/areys-pond-board/challenges-competitions/54-20th-apby-cat-gathering-2012).

The post-race awards celebration featured the James Thomas and Jessica Curran Jazz Group, who were very well received. The winner of the Alan McClennen, Sr. award was Dick Lovis, who has sailed in many cat gatherings, but now serves on the committee boat, calling the shots. Long-time customer, Mike Duggin, was awarded a half-model for sailing in 19 of the 20 gatherings. Mike sailed in our first gathering, in which 6 boats participated and Peter Campbell Dow was the winner. The Carl Richter Memorial Award was won by Carol and Frank Dranginis.

Proceeds from the sign-up fee for the gathering benefit Friends of Pleasant Bay, Friends of Arey's Pond, Orleans Pond Coalition, and Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies. We look forward to breaking our own record for the greatest number of cats gathered next year. Please join us on the 10 August 2013 for the 21st Gathering!

AREY'S POND
BOAT YARD
Established 1951





ACA
AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION
Kayak & Canoe Recreation

Canoe Sail Races Grand Finale

By Marilyn Vogel
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

We open canoe sailors always look forward to sailing at Union Lake, Millville, New Jersey. It is our favorite venue for steady wind, easy boat launching and shaded parking. We feel fortunate to be at such a great club with great people, even though we would run our two sail canoe National Championships without a rescue boat or a race committee! After all, we always have sunny days no matter what the weather is in the surrounding area.

On sunny September 22-23 we held our American Canoe Association National Championships Canoe Sailing. Ten sailors came from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. We sailed with two different types of sails or two classes: 5m (55sf sail development class) Saturday and ACA Class sail 44sf (class sail) on Sunday.

The weather forecast was for strong winds later in the day. This would be good since at our last races in June we had one morning with less than one knot of wind. We sailed as early as we could so as to avoid the strong afternoon winds. This weekend there was plenty of wind, 15-20kts, causing someone to capsize before the start Saturday morning.

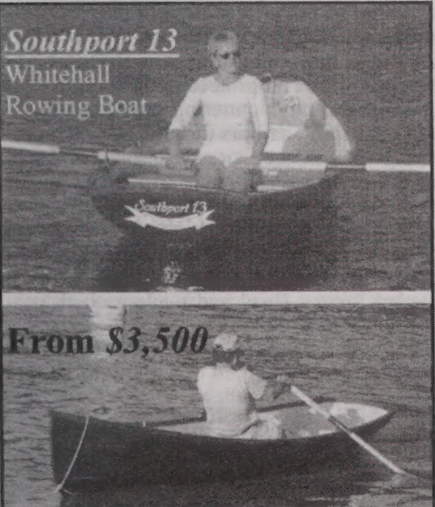
Group photo Sunday, standing left to right: Dave Breinig, Tom Uebel, Mike Pirot, Chuck Sutherland, Larry Hoff, Bill Covert and Marilyn Vogel, Kneeling left to right, Joan Krilla and John Depa.

Of course, in heavy weather someone will have rig problems. One sailor's leeboard thwart came loose and the leeboard was dangling in the water, but it was fixed during the race. Another sailor had trouble with blocks on the boom. One rudder bracket lasted through the race although it was attached to a rotten piece of wood under the deck. Interestingly, another sailor couldn't go upwind, discovered that the angle bracket on the leeboard thwart was too lightweight and the aluminum bracket cracked. Another had his steering hampered by stern lines dangling around the tiller when tacking.

Then there were capsizes, mostly by sailors with boats without adequate flotation. According to rescuer Chuck Sutherland, "The club pontoon boat expertly driven by Harold Bernard was the perfect rescue boat for our races. Each rescue required only a few minutes. By lying across the bow deck I was able to hold the canoe against the side of the pontoon boat. This allowed the sailor to re-enter the canoe, bail it out and resume sailing."

Despite these problems, overall the competition was excellent! After we finished, the wind was a lovely 5-10 knots. The next day, similar wind but with the smaller ACA well-designed sail we had no mishaps. Everyone had a wonderful time.

The trophies went to our newcomers again! We were fortunate to have beautiful keeper trophies designed and crafted by John Depa who has perfected his design. Thanks to Harold Bernard who drove the chase boat. Thanks also go to those manning the chase boat, Chuck Sutherland who chose to run the races and do rescues rather than sail, Tom Uebel who brought the wrong sail canoe and John Guidera from Union Lake Sail Club.



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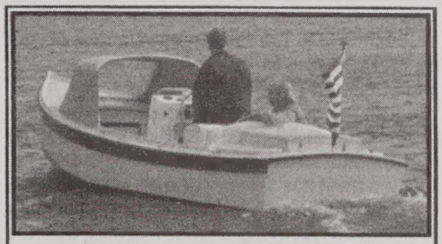
Handy Billy 21
Cruising Speed,
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Efficient
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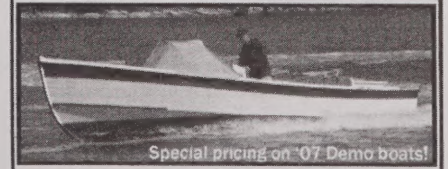

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Crafty Cruising By the Interstate

Maine Island Trail 2012

By Mike Wick
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Sailing on our local take is great for day to day, but we sometimes get restless for different horizons. When Pete Peters and Bill Rutherford spoke about their trip to the Maine Island Trail at a TSCA meeting, that was more than enough to peak our interest.

Then Phil Maynard announced that we could stay at his family summer house in Waldeboro, Maine, for a week and sail Muscongus Bay. Several of us jumped at the chance to explore new areas. Doug Oeller's Marshcat *Comfort* needed crew, so I signed on with him. Phil and John Guidera were ready to go in Phil's Monk designed 15' sloop with its lawnmower motor.

Phil had planned carefully. He took us on a tour of possible launch ramps. Some were at the head of long rivers in Waldeboro and Damariscotta. Others, Boothbay, Tennant's Harbor, Spruce Cove and Port Clyde were closer to the sea but occupied by clammers, lobstermen and tourists. Possible ramps often were coupled with poor parking for cars and trailers.

Finally we made a decision. The first day we sailed out of Port Clyde on a rainy morning with light winds. We were able to launch all right, but then we had to shuffle cars and trailers back to a remote parking place out of town. Still, Port Clyde was way down the peninsula and only a short distance from good sailing. It started to rain pretty hard but we didn't really mind as we were well kitted out with foulies.

Rain.

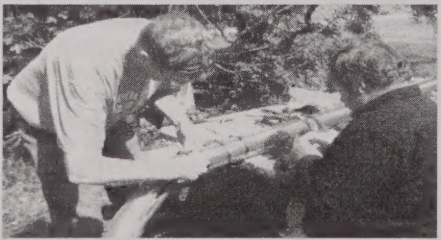
Lack of wind was a more pressing problem. It isn't much fun to outboard around waiting for wind. We explored Broad Cove at lunchtime as the rain stopped and the wind rose. Then out to sea toward Georges and Black Islands.

Just at a critical moment in our passage, Doug and I jibed *Comfort* not realizing that the starboard shroud had worked loose. Doug's mast has a heavy bronze hinge instead of a tabernacle. In a instant, the mast bent dramatically, leaving us to lower sail, lash the mast to the boat and motor to the ramp. The hinge was badly bent. Doug is a veterinarian. His automatic reaction was to think about the use of a humane killer, then that he might just put her out to stud for breeding Beetlecats. He quickly realized that it could be fixed. It looked ugly but there wasn't much damage.

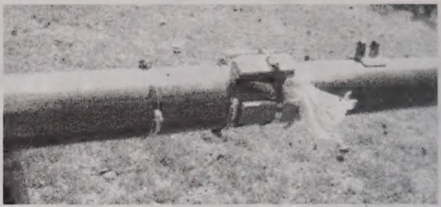
We all came up with plans for fixes. Phil had the most difficult job of sorting through all the harebrained schemes and finding the one that hopefully would work. The first question was whether we should heat the hinge, but nobody was sure just how much to heat it. Probably it would be safest to unbend it cold. On the way home, we stopped at Lowes and bought Gorilla Glue, hose clamps and aluminum strap. Doug, being a vet, wanted to splint the mast with plaster but Phil decided that hose clamps and an aluminum splint would work better.

Then the fun began. We lashed the mast to a picnic table and set to work straightening the hinge. Doug was in charge of most of the bending, it was his mast after all. Using the lower stub for leverage, he carefully bent it inch by inch back into shape so the hinge could once again jackknife the mast back to straight. We Gorilla Glued the few cracks that had occurred in the wood then hose clamped to pressure the mast back to round while the glue dried. We packed up an emergency splint kit in case of trouble, but the mast seems to be as strong as ever. Back in business.

Bending.



Repairs.



Hoping.

It takes extra time for sailor's prayers to rise up to heaven, so many other people seem to have priority through their faith and good works. We had some time on our hands, waiting for the mast to dry. We spent the day touring Rockland and found a gorgeous ramp that we would use the next day for our day trip to the Muscle Ridge archipelago. We toured the Apprenticeshop and admired their many boats, programs and fine library. Rockland was packed with beautiful boats to ogle and we made a brief tour of Hamilton Marine for goodies.

The APPRENTICESHOP

Motley crew.

The next day we made an early start and launched at Rockland. There is an all tide ramp with a $5 lockbox and good temporary docking. Just imagine how carefully we lashed the shroud turnbuckles. We sailed around Owl's Head past Monroe and Sheep Islands and down to a beautiful lunch spot that is listed in the Maine Island Trail Association (MITA) handbook. I have code named this spot Alfa, since MITA wants to keep the news of their various islands only for members.

Phil had a quick swim but the rest of us were content to wade and scout. All of Mussel Ridge is wonderful exploring with complex channels and protected anchorages. We could spend days puttering around there, in and out of tiny harbors through tiny channels trying to miss occasional rocks. Penobscot Bay is perfect for a longer trip out to Vinalhaven or Islesboro.

The mast held! It seemed to be as strong as it ever had been. It had been tested, at least in normal conditions. After lunch we sailed off toward Spruce Head and made a quick pas-

Leaving Rockland.

On the beach

sage back to Rockland. We had a quick sailing tour of the harbor and put the boats back on their trailers with the last of the daylight.

Phil and Doug had found just the right spot for our next trip, Broad Cove Marina. The marina isn't in Broad Cove but is in Bremen, just two miles from Waldeboro. It had a rough gravel launch ramp that was only good after half-tide. It would serve for our overnight trip. We expected that we would pay a fee to launch and park, but the manager was more interested in our stopping at his restaurant where they cooked fresh lobsters. We were quick to promise to return and glad to fulfill our promise.

We sailed south and east toward Friendship through intricate channels. We were sailing around Hog Island, the new site of the 2013 Small Reach Regatta. Hog Island is owned by the Audubon Society who leases it out to small groups. As we approached Friendship another small sailboat came up alongside. What else could it have been but another Haven 12 Y2. She looked so right in these waters that, with one glance, I just knew my *Jackaroo* will be the perfect boat for this kind of expedition. All in good time.

We were heading toward the beautiful coves surrounding Friendship and were anxious to do some real mileage in a perfect sailing breeze. All our instincts were to keep exploring to the east, but Phil had heard a weather report predicting that the wind would blow 30kts out of the south tomorrow. He decided we should find a camping spot closer to home. We reluctantly headed back toward our cars so we would have a short ride home in adverse weather. It was Phil's decision, and it was the right decision.

We knew he was correct but it hurt to be right on the edge of adventure and recognize that prudence was in order. That is an important part of teamwork and camaraderie, to bite the bullet when it hurts to do so. The passages that seemed so peaceful today would look different when a strong wind was funneling down the openings. And there was still the mast repair to factor in the equation.

We spent the night anchored in a protected cove on the MITA Island, code named Beta. Beta is a landlocked harbor, safe from winds of any direction. Doug and I shared a one-pot supper of couscous, soup and chicken breast that was coaxed down with a reasonable bottle of Cotes du Rhone that we polished off with the last of the daylight. We turned in for the night under our boom tent. Catboats, with their extra beam, are most comfortable for sleeping.

We normally like to sleep under the stars but the weather didn't make that a good idea. Actually, our only problem was a late night rain. To stay dry, we both stuffed our heads up into the bow and the snoring reverberated in the enclosed area. But we were dry. The next day wasn't as bad as was predicted, but the fog was very thick. Heading back toward the marina and our cars we managed to get twisted around and headed down the wrong passage.

Navigation is critical with all the rocks and a 10' rise and fall of tide. If a buoy doesn't show up on time, there's probably a reason to suspect that it isn't that the buoy that is out of place, it's that we aren't where we think we are. We relearned the old trick of sighting the number off all the buoys. Once we got ourselves straightened out, I bent over and kissed my faithful GPS.

We got back to the ramp just at low tide. They let us tie up at the lobster boat dock at the end. We walked over to help Phil try and haul his boat, but it was hopeless. There was too much mud and soft ground at least until half tide hours away. Phil stayed behind to wait the tide while Doug and I drove over to get lunch. When we later drove by Phil's house there he was, boat, truck and trailer. He insists that he was just barely able to work the recovery, but I know better. It was divine intervention. He waited until we drove off, then he levitated his boat onto her trailer. That's the kind of thing that happens when we sail in Maine.

My Wife Hates Sailing

(Thank God)

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

On this morning prior to writing this I was exiting the shower when I realized that my body wash was Hawaiian Garden (coconut and hibiscus), my shampoo was green tea and "organic" aloe, my conditioner was lilac, the hand soap was vanilla and mint and my deodorant was "Fahiti" which was some sort of tropical floral scent. Heck, I smelled like some sort of island drink served in a pineapple with an umbrella. According to blue collar comic and wit, Jeff Foxworthy, I am either gay or I am married.

I confess to the latter. For 40 years Ms Frozen Finland and I have been in happy bliss and she reminds me how wonderfully lucky and happy I am, each and every day. Unceasingly. My occasional escape, excuse me, time away from my happy existence, is to go sailing. Ms I-am-Nordic not Scandinavian, dislikes manmade lakes, rivers, wind, heeling, lines and things that go bight, docks, dampness, excessive sun, uncomfortable cushions, PFDs and the wasted time watching her dopey husband raise a mast and set the sails. For this, I am eternally grateful.

Here's how I see it. God really did not intend for women to be on sailing boats. Oh sure, the periodic boat with the bikini clad blonde sunning herself on the bow is certainly one of the charms of boating. And the females who cook the meals at messabouts are acceptable. But on board, no way.

If Ms Suomen Silta herself were into this boating recreation, I would experience life as no self-respecting Man Jack could imagine. The boat would be painted in beige or a pastel blue with appropriate trim in chromic symmetry, perhaps a turquoise. The bright work would be highly polished and constantly dusted. Seating would be oversized cushions in contrasting colors to the hull and in a floral print designed by Marimekko. The tiller would be of Finnish spruce or Nordic birch enveloped by nautical knots and marlinspike. Shoes would be taken off before boarding.

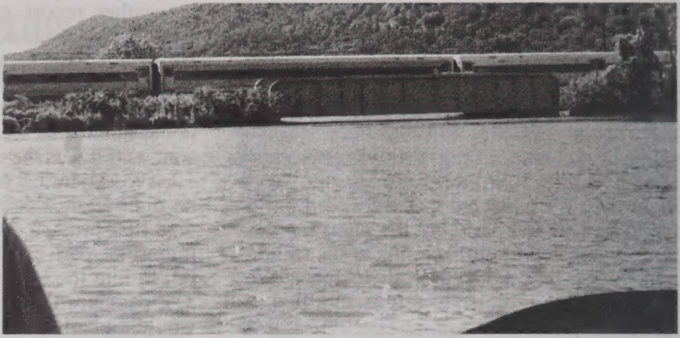
A sauna would have been installed on the boat, even if it was a dinghy. All Finnish people have saunas close at hand. My one and only time aboard a saltwater boat built in Finland did indeed have a sauna in place of a bench.

Beer would be banned from the boat. White wine would be the adult beverage of choice (she is partial to Iowa Chablis or Chardonnay but occasionally a California Riesling would suffice). If spaghetti is served, a quiet Chianti is unopposed. However, all glasses would be Italia glassware designed by Tapio Virkela and imported directly from Stockman's in Helsinki.

All communications equipment would be, by mandate, Nokia. For that matter, our foulies and boots would be Nokia, also. For those who don't know it, Nokia started as a rubber boot company and accidentally developed cell phones.

The boat itself must never, ever heel, be attacked by mosquitoes, lack air conditioning (she can't handle humidity) or be deficient in full sanitary equipment including a pulsating shower and large sink. Cooking would be accomplished by the full sized stove and oven under the microwave and next to the Frigidaire with freezer. The berthing space would be quilted in distinct colors encasing a Serta mattress with a nautically carved, polished teak headboard. Pillows would be Nordic Goose down and stuffed to a firmness unsurpassed in mere American department stores. The figurehead, that all boats must have, would be a moose head or at least antlers, not that she'd be concerned about a foul anchor rode, tangled mooring lines or stuck bumper.

Thus I get on my knees to proffer thanks and offerings to the Great God Neptune that my wife dislikes boats. I feel a necessity to give praise by consuming quantities of ale and lager at dockside bars with indigent water rats while conversing about sail repair and how best to paint the decks. We all have that look of manly men who have escaped the clutches of spouses who are fuming about yard mowing and screen door patching while we congregate among fellow sailors enjoying the pleasure of our company. Our boats match our personalities; in need of repair, paint, cleaning and TLC. But we, God's Chosen Few, continue to tinker, purchase and sail to our hearts content in eternal gratitude that our wives hate boats.t



The Intrepid Forward Paddler

and the Squeeze Play

By Hugh McManus

Back in the fall of 2010 I was watching a TV program that was documenting the cleanup of the Hudson River. A naturalist was being interviewed and was asked what his favorite spot on the river was. Without hesitation he described Constitutional Marsh, located just down river from Cold Spring, New York, as “the prettiest place on the river.” Well, that caught my attention as my wife and I were looking for someplace new to paddle our Current Designs Libra.

A little research revealed that Constitutional Marsh, part of New York’s Hudson Highlands State Park, is a 270-acre tidal marsh that’s managed by the National Audubon Society and, in addition to the numerous, channels that wind through its brackish waters, there are also hiking trails on shore and some 700’ of boardwalk that extends out into the marsh sanctuary. Located some 55 miles north of New York City the sanctuary is both a home and a migratory stop for any number of birds with well over 200 species being identified.

There are a number of websites that describe the marsh and how it can be accessed from the river, but the closest and most convenient put-in is at the end of Cold Spring’s Main St in Foundry Dock Park where much of the artillery used in the Civil War and manufactured at the nearby West Point Foundry was loaded on ships at the park site. Today on weekends there’s ample free parking at the railroad station which is adjacent to the put-in, and for us it would just be a matter of off-loading the 21’ double kayak from our car and onto our two-wheeled cart and pushing it over to the nearby put-in.

My wife and paddling partner read all the information regarding the Marsh, including a short descriptive passage that mentioned the need to “squeeze under the RR bridge” in order to get into the marsh. Of course, the obvious questioned followed, “What do they mean by squeeze under the bridge?” I had read that, too, and explained that there was a RR bridge that we needed to paddle under to get into the Marsh and reminded her that we had gone under RR bridges before. “But we never had to squeeze under one before.” Mindful of her touch of claustrophobia, I explained that hundreds of kayaks and canoes access the marsh all the time and I haven’t read where anyone has ever gotten stuck yet. I think I reminded her of the time we paddled through a road culvert in Upper Saranac Lake and she didn’t have any problem there so this should be a snap.

One of the paddle websites recommended that to ensure adequate bridge clearance paddlers should try to enter the marsh either two hours before or two hours after high tide. Low water was to be avoided as it was possible to ground out in some of the shallower passageways and the Audubon folks didn’t want you to be disturbing the critters on the marsh’s bottom. I found a date in early October where I thought time and tide could come together for us and we were good to go. The tidal charts for the Hudson River in the area of the bridge showed the river having a tidal range of only about $3^{1}/_{2}$’ so I understood why it might be a bit of a squeeze.

The village of Cold Spring was about an hour and a half drive from our Connecticut home, but it was quite pleasant as we made our way through the rolling hills and farm lands of rural New York. The village itself is lined with shops and restaurants and we picked up sandwiches at a local deli and headed for the bottom of Main St where the RR Station and Foundry Park are located.

Arriving at the put-in we found what looked like a kayak convention going on. There were at least 30 kayaks waiting to go into the water. By the time we got the double off the car and over to the put-in there was still a substantial backup of paddlers waiting their turn to launch, but all was orderly and it appeared that those folks belonged to a paddle club or clubs and were fortunately heading upriver while we were going the opposite way. I did ask one of the paddlers about Constitutional Marsh as I thought that was where they might be heading and he cautioned me about the tide and RR Bridge but thought we had the tide in our favor.

Although the double can be a little unwieldy in tight spots we were able to get the kayak into the water just to the left of where the main put-in was located and we were on our way. The RR Bridge was less than a half mile from our put-in and the closer we got to that bridge the more enlightened we became in regards to use of that word “squeeze.” It was 11:20am and the tide was high at 3:28pm so it was close to half tide and it was clear that we would be ducking down slightly to pass under the bridge to get into the marsh. I remember thinking as we slipped under the bridge that at high tide the water would be at least another 18” higher and there was no way we could get under it then.

The plan was to paddle the marsh right through high tide and look to get out around 5:00-5:30pm when the tide had dropped enough. There’s no question that the Marsh is a beautiful spot and looking out over the RR tracks to the south we could see the US Military Academy at West Point sitting on the river’s western shore and, of course, the river and its highlands are very scenic, not to mention the rich history of the area .

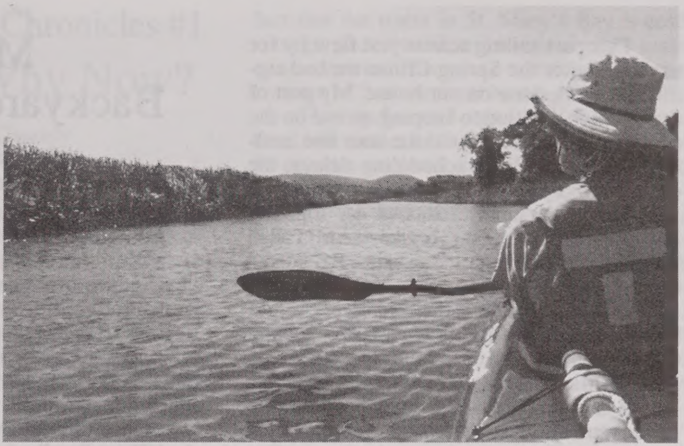
We paddled down to the southern end of the marsh and began to make our way up and down the numerous passageways that wind through the marsh. Apparently in the mid-1800s the landowner dug out those interconnecting channels in an attempt to farm wild rice, and while that endeavor didn’t meet with success there is still wild rice to be found in the marsh. The cattails and other grasses were still green and the migrating birds had yet to arrive but we did see a number of red-wing blackbirds, marsh wrens and others that remained well back from the channels, and if we looked closely we could see an occasional bird’s nest in among the cattails. Snapping turtles were also evident and popped up to see who was going by. It was a great day weatherwise and we were surprised to find only a few other paddlers in the marsh.

We had to be a little careful to keep track of where we were going as one passageway looks a lot like the next one and the cattails and grasses were about 10’ high, limiting our ability to see beyond the channel we’re in and as we found, a few of those channels were dead ends. Now turning a 21’ kayak around in a 12’ channel is a problem and on a couple of occasions we had to use our reverse gear to extract ourselves from the maze.

Along about 1:15pm or so we found ourselves back at the northern end of the marsh where we started and realized that having paddled pretty much all the marsh we had at least another three hours before the tide dropped far enough to let us pass under that RR Bridge, well maybe. Exiting that last channel gave us a peak at the bridge and while there was still some daylight left under that span, it wasn’t much.

As we paddled closer, the forward paddler was heard from, “We can’t get under that bridge,” which was something that was going through my mind, too, but I thought maybe a closer inspection might be in order. As we got closer the forward paddler was heard from again. “Do trains actually go over that bridge? “I don’t want to be under there when there’s one going over,” something that wasn’t all that unreasonable. I explained that the Metro North service is basically a commuter line and most of their trains would probably be running in the morning and late afternoon so it’s unlikely we’d be seeing one and we hadn’t seen or heard one since we entered the marsh. Having said that, and still trying to gauge the clearance under the bridge’s solid span, we heard the. unmistakable sound of a train horn sounding in the distance. We sat there while a big diesel engine sped by pulling a number of mostly empty cars.

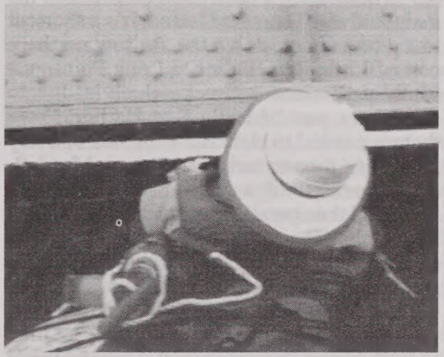
I took that to be a good omen, what would the chances be for yet another train

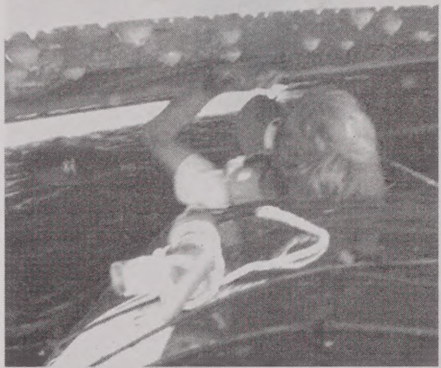


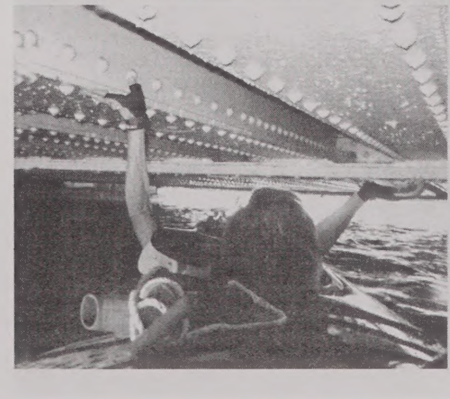
to come up or down those tracks while we were there? But again, ten minutes later as we were still discussing whether to try to "squeeze" under that bridge that was getting closer to the water by the minute, that now familiar horn was heard from again. This train, also southbound for New York City was a little longer than the first and I don't recall taking a vote on the "squeeze play" but thought that we maybe had a ten minute window before yet another southbound train came along. I think I said something about seeing how much of the boat we could fit under that bridge.

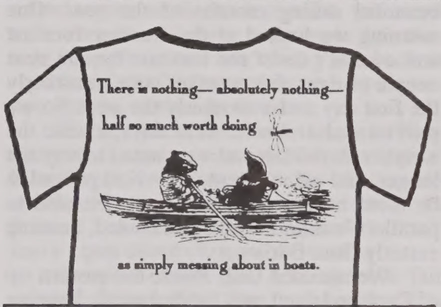
The tide was flooding so we had to paddle against the incoming current which wasn't a bad thing for if we found we couldn't fit we could float back out into the marsh. I had brought my camera with me and prior to poking the bow under the bridge I set the camera on video and hit the shutter. Holding the camera and paddling was a little challenging but I was hoping the results would be worthwhile. I watched as the bow cleared the bridge and Louise stopped paddling and scrunched down as far as she could and we slid under the bridge. Things were looking good as we were able to reach up to the bridge deck and pull ourselves along and before we knew it we were back in the sunshine and on the Hudson River.

That "two hours before and after high tide" advisement was pretty accurate but what I didn't factor in was that we were only four days from a new moon cycle and that contributed to a higher tide than normal. The trip back home included a mandatory stop at one of the many roadside farm stands and came away with the fixings for an apple pie. I have also been informed that any return trip will require both a tide and train schedule.





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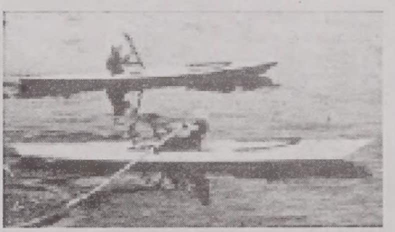

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More Backyard Cruising

By Harry Mote
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

This past sailing season just flew by for us. Right after the Spring Cruise we had significant work done on our house. My part of the work, in addition to keeping an eye on the contractors, was to rebuild the stair and landing to the deck. With scheduling delays, the entire project stretched out.

The usual family visits, a car trip, my involvement with an organization called ReClaim the (Barnegat) Bay, plus RC model boat regattas filled in any spaces that were left. Before we knew it the middle of August had arrived and we hadn't even talked about a two-week cruise on *Ardea*, much less taken one.

We did do some day sailing in what was left of the summer, and September lived up to its reputation for us as one of the most beautiful sailing months of the year. One morning we looked at the weather forecast and couldn't resist the forecast for the next couple of days, fair weather with a northerly the first day and a southerly the next. So we provisioned *Ardea* for three days, in case the weather stayed fair and we wanted to stay out longer, and off we went. The wind proved to be more northeasterly and we were able to parallel Conklin Island close hauled, heading easterly from Barnegat.

We rounded Gulf Point, the eastern tip of Conklin Island, and headed south, keeping Sloop Sedge to our port. This was our usual route south, keeping Dipper Point on our starboard and steering between Marsheider and Sandy Islands, through the back bays to Little Egg Inlet.

We bore off slightly, leaving Harvey Sedges on our starboard, for a straight shot through the center of the Rt 72 bridge to Long Beach Island, risking a jibe all the way. We love sailing these shallow back bays, staying out of the main channels as much as possible.

Once through the bridge, we steered for the "Thorofare," a back channel between the mainland and Thorofare Island. It's a shortcut to a direct course down the shallow northern part of Little Egg Harbor to Long Point, just south of Westecunk Creek, which leads into the deeper part of Little Egg Harbor. From there we sailed to clear the west side of Story Island and then to tack east through Marshelder Channel until we could round Foxboro Point and then parallel the marsh close hauled to the Inlet. The name Marshelder is common on the charts for the bays behind LBI. We crossed the Intracoastal channel and sailed out into Little Egg Inlet a short distance.

We like to have a look at Little Egg Inlet at least once a year because it's beautiful and to see how it's changed, if at all, from the year before. The southern end of Long Beach Island, from Holgate to its southern tip at the Inlet, is a wildlife refuge for the most part.

The barrier islands in New Jersey, including Long Beach Island, are generally trying to move west, but development won't let them. As storms cut away the beaches and dunes, they are rebuilt and replenished with sand dredged a short distance offshore. But the beach south of Holgate is on its own. From the parking lot at Holgate, the beach south to the Inlet has been severely cut back to the west from storms over the last several years. It will be interesting to travel by car to see it now, after Hurricane Sandy.

The afternoon light was beginning to dim and we decided that we'd had our annual peep at the Inlet and we headed back west through Marshelder Channel to the mouth of a little creek between Story Island and Drag Sedge to anchor for the night. A local boatman saw us and came over to remind us that if we stayed where we were that we could dry out. We checked a tide table and thought it better to move out of our little creek just a bit to be sure we'd be able to go when we wanted to in the morning.

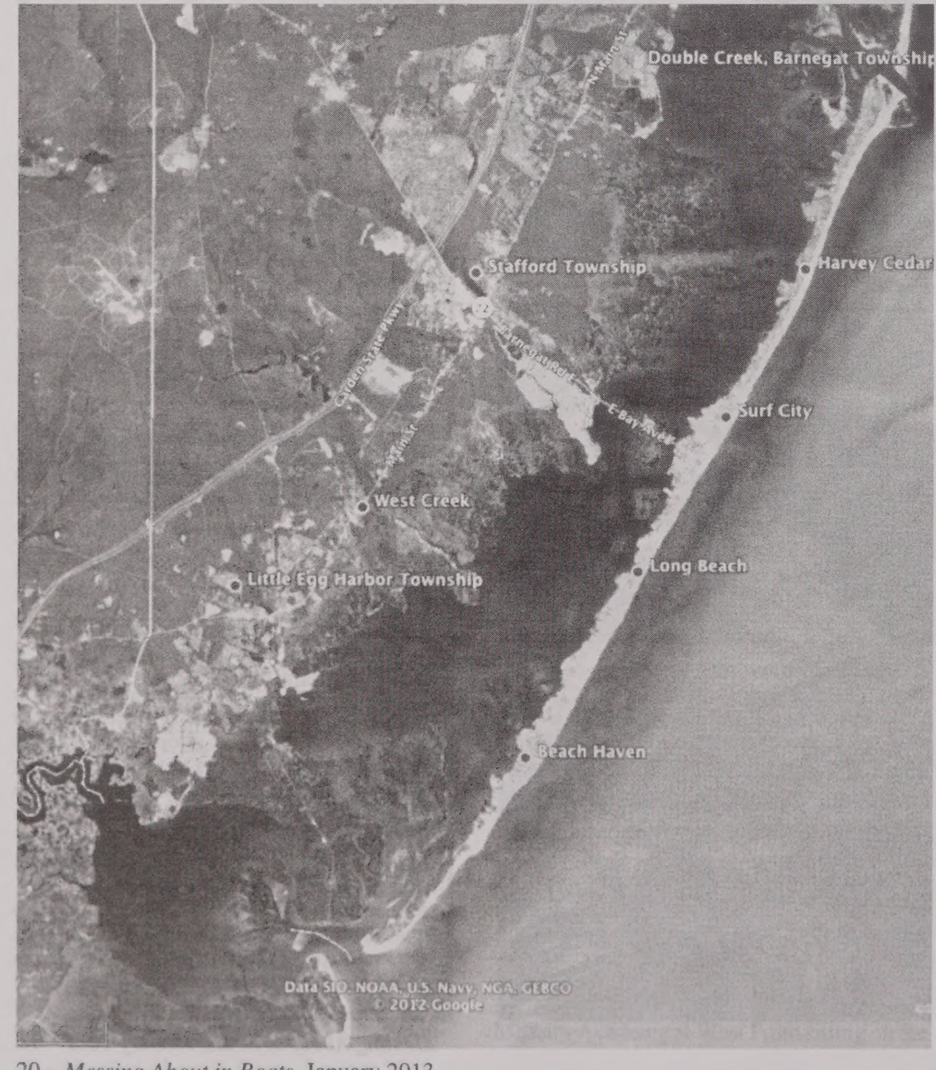
There are a few gunning shacks built on cedar piles on the sedge islands in this area. One or two of them have evolved into summer homes. Next year we will see if they made it through Hurricane Sandy.

Next morning delivered the promised southerly for our easy ride home. But it was already blowing about 15mph and NOAA said it was supposed to blow 20mph by noon. After a leisurely breakfast we tied in a single reef and headed north on a dead run and occasional broad reaches. We essentially retraced our southerly track to go home through the Thorofare and the bridge at Rt 72. But from the bridge to Marsheider Island we stayed in the Intracoastal channel. We were going too fast to risk hitting shallow spots and breaking something.

We sailed between Marshelder and Sandy Islands, then straight to Gulf Point and then reached west to Barnegat. We left our anchorage at about 0900 and dropped our sails off the entrance to Double Creek in Barnegat at about noon. We had sailed approximately 19 enjoyable miles in three hours.

After our mini backyard cruise, I was able to complete some work on *Ardea* before winter weather began to arrive. By the end of the third week in October we began paying attention to the progress of Sandy. By the beginning of the fourth week we began to prepare for the worst by moving *Ardea* and her tow vehicle to higher ground in a storage place with no trees up on Rt 9, and generally secured things by putting them as high as we could in the garage and on the first floor. We did what we could to help our neighbors prepare and then headed west to higher ground at my sister's to keep our feet dry and watch it all on television.

When we were allowed back to our house after the storm, we considered ourselves very fortunate that we had fared as well as we did. The inside of the garage had had about 2$^{1}/_{2}$' of water in it and looked like the inside of a giant washing machine. But the storm surge missed the first floor in the house by about 2"-3". The house is on pilings at a certain elevation by code. The breakaway skirting below the first floor around the house broke away, as designed, and the wave action under the house had pulled down first floor insulation. But we were very lucky!


Double Creek, Barnegat Township
Stafford Township
Harvey Cedar
72
Surf City
West Creek
Little Egg Harbor Township
Long Beach
Beach Haven
Data SIO, NOAA, U.S. Navy, NGA, GEBCO
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St. Mary's Bay Chronicles #1

Why Me, Why Now?

By Ernie Cassidy

If your wonderfully indulgent editor permits it – and he has, or you wouldn't be reading this – I will be submitting semi-regular articles with observations, yarns, and opinions, from and about St. Mary's Bay, here on the southwest coast of Nova Scotia. For the most part, these will be appropriate to the usual subject matter of *Messing About*, such as paddling, rowing, or sailing on the Bay, the sea life in it and on it, the people with whom I share it, or just rambling on about how wonderful it is to be living alongside it.

That said, I hope no one will be shocked or outraged if I slip in the occasional rant about incomprehensible municipal recycling guidelines, irrational fisheries policies, or the fact that Riot Kayaks has bought Boreal Design, shut down the factory in Quebec, and shipped all the molds and production jobs to China. One supposes that Riot would say they "saved" Boreal Design, which had filed for bankruptcy protection in January of 2012.

And, one supposes, they will say that by moving the production to China, people will get the same great Boreal kayaks at a lower price. Pardon my skepticism about the "same great" and "lower price." I think we've heard this tune before. We may get "same great," or we may get "lower price." We may also get crappy replacement at same price. We may even get crappy replacement at a higher price. What I'm pretty sure we won't get is "same great" at a "lower price."

I'm somewhat heartened by the fact that this has really cheesed off a lot of Canadians, as well as a coterie of loyal admirers of Boreal boats. And I – grudgingly - acknowledge an ancillary benefit for me: it has done wonders for the resale value of used Canadian-made Boreal kayaks…one of which I will be selling in the spring.

As you see, you should expect lots of asides, digressions, parenthetical and bracketed smarty-mouth comments, and anything else I feel will amplify the general arc of the discussion…or just lets me 'get it out of my system'. The urge to do this is the result of the coming together of three fortuitous events. First, after a multi-year hiatus, occasioned by four job changes and three address changes, I am finally receiving *Messing About In Boats* again. Also, I have recently purchased a used C&L 16 sailboat, which will greatly expand the possible topics to write about. Finally, as I'm now 69, my employer has permitted me to cut my work week back from 40-44 hrs. to 26-30 hrs.

This last provides me with newfound time, energy, and enthusiasm out of all proportion to the seemingly insignificant change in the hours of employment. For the first time in nearly a decade, I will have the time to enjoy boating, enjoy the special enjoyments of the place I'm fortunate enough to live in, and write about the enjoyment. Having done some writing for *Messing About* in the past, as well as for the virtually forgotten *Small Boat Journal*, and *WoodenBoat*, it's a practice I'm pleased to resume. (Editor Comments: Ernie also wrote for and edited my *Cycle Sport* motorcycling magazine 40 years ago in the late '60s into the '70s before moving to Nova Scotia).

If you're wondering - and one hopes you are - St. Mary's Bay is a finger-shaped inlet off the Bay of Fundy, on the southwest shore of Nova Scotia. It is defined by a peninsula of land that stretches SW from Digby, thence by Long Island and Briar Island (yes, Joshua Slocum's Briar Island), and one final lump of weathered basalt named Gull Rock.

This part of the coastline is often referred to as the French Shore, as it was one of the areas that the French Acadians were allowed to occupy when they began returning to Canada after the mass expulsion of 1755. This was because it was some of the least desirable real estate in the province, especially compared to the lush agricultural lands only a few miles east of here, that had been developed by the original French Acadian settlers.

That those lands were fertile and developed played no small part in the British decision to kick the Acadians out and replace them with "loyal British subjects." Being a tough, industrious, and self-reliant group, the returning Acadians carved homes and fields out of the wild mixed-species forest, and set about harvesting fish from a rock-bound coast (yes, just like in that song) with few natural harbors – all of which emptied out twice a day – and establishing friendly and helpful (especially to the Acadians) relations with the semi-nomadic Mig Maw Indians, who were the only other occupiers of the land.

As a result, modern-day working-class Acadians have the rare privilege of living on ocean-front property that, almost anywhere else in the world, would be the exclusive domain of the wealthy…a privilege that most of them take somewhat for granted. What has saved them from simply being elbowed out of the way by the wealthy (did I mention that there might be opinions expressed?) is the fact that the water in St. Mary's Bay is cold enough, year 'round, to be considered a male contraceptive. This puts a certain spin on the concept of "recreational boating."

Having fun on – above all, on – water than will render most people incoherent after 30 minutes, and will likely be lethal after not much more than an hour – requires a different attitude, and more stringent preparation, than similar activities on, say, Biscayne Bay. We'll have more to say about that in future episodes. This is also a body of water whose character can change radically and rapidly. St. Mary's Bay faces right into the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. Any weather or sea that comes into that often cantankerous body of water gets shoved, squeezed, and amplified by our pretty little fiord. Though only 7 miles across, at the widest point, you want to be very careful about crossing to the other side in any boat that can't bring you back at – preferably at 20 knots or more - if you suspect you've made a foolishness.

Having been born and raised in New Hampshire, and grown up with the typical New England notions about the changeable weather, it was a revelation to move to Nova Scotia. Trust me; New Englanders don't know squat about changeable weather.

In spite of all that, I've spent a fair amount of time on our Bay, in canoes (quite a lot), kayaks (very little), and in a home-built 12' ft. flat-iron skiff – quite literally "home-built," as the materials were scrounged from the site of the house I was building back in the woods. Each watercraft provided a different experience, and if you find you're enjoying these columns, I'll share some of those with you in future installments.

Kudos or brickbats may be sent to:
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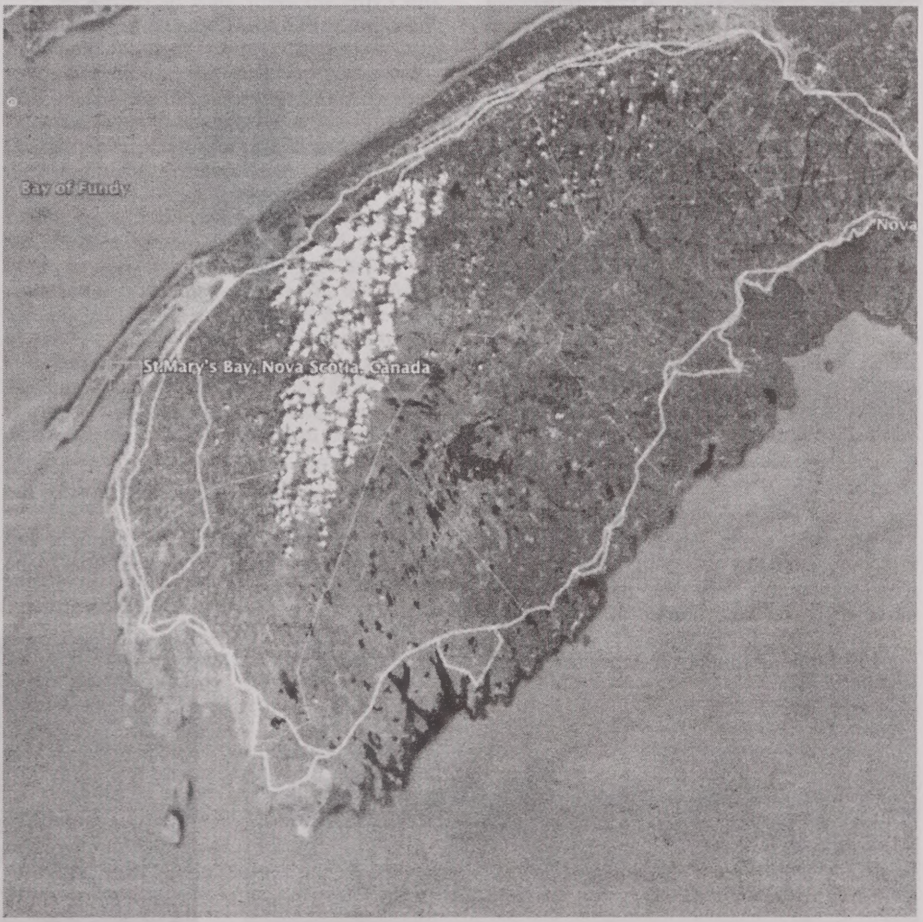


Rowing on the Merrimack River

And Some Observations From its Bank

Part 4

By Peter Jepson

Day Thirteen

We were hoping to be able to launch at the 1903 Pub, on the west bank 3km or 4km above the Amoskeag Dam, but when we (that's to say, this day, George, his wife Ginger and I) got there, the place was closed, there was a bar across the ramp and a sign announcing that parked cars would be towed away.

We eventually found a canoe put-in under the Amoskeag Street bridge, above the dam and behind the car in Fig 13A, which is parked in the Amoskeag Fishways Visitor Center lot. The put-in was safe because there was a chain of buoys across the river just downstream, which can be seen in Fig 13C.

The put-in was very steep and I couldn't have got my boat down there (or up afterwards) without help. The old map marks a portage from this spot down around the dam along the west bank, which I looked for because I would still have liked to row the Manchester stretch, but I couldn't find any way through.

There was a lot of construction going on in the area though, chain link fences everywhere and possibly the path was only closed temporarily.

The view downstream from the launch site is strange because downtown Manchester appears to be below water level, Fig 13B, but that's because the shot was taken over the top of the dam. One power station can be seen in this photo, but the aerial picture shows that there is another bigger one on the other side of the river, too.

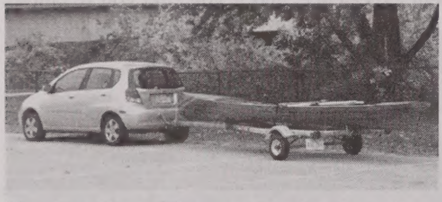


Fig 13A Launching spot under Amoskeag Street bridge, Manchester.

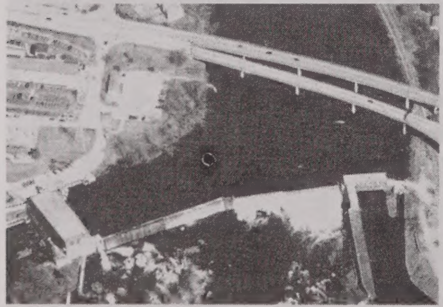
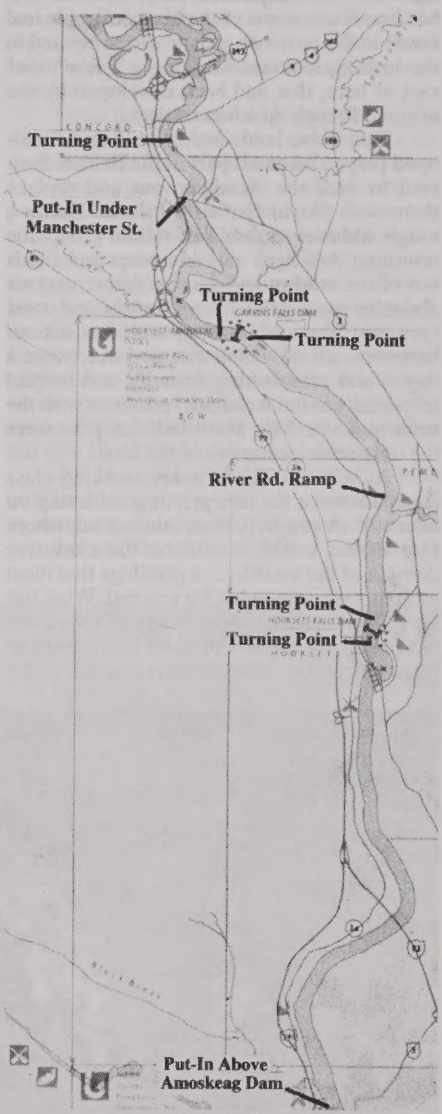


Fig 13C Amoskeag Dam and Power Stations.



Days 13, 14 and 15

So we set off upstream (obviously) on a mild late October Sunday morning under a slightly hazy sky and a light breeze. The river, presumably very deep here, was slow moving. There were houses all along both banks but for almost everybody, it seems, boating season had finished and most of the docks had been taken in.

There was one still out though, but instead of a boat there was an old float plane moored to it, Fig 13D. I went close to take a look and found the owner there and ready for a chat. He told it was a Stearman, two places, and dated back to 1947. He offered me a flight but I had to decline, saying that I already had a mission for the day.

An hour later I saw and heard what I thought was that plane fly over, and since the dock was vacant as I returned down stream, it probably was.

I was surprised to not see a rowing club, the river looked so perfect for competitive flat water rowing and we were beside a large city. But there was none to be seen and not much else of interest either as the density of cottages on the banks gradually decreased as I rowed north, under Route I93 (again, but not for the last time) and onward.

I knew I was getting close to the turning point for the day, Hooksett Falls Dam, Fig 13E, when the river kinked and there were three bridges in short order, one road bridge and two railway bridges. There is a nice boat ramp just below the dam, on the eastern side, so close, in fact, that the water is still swirling as it goes by the ramp, but I suppose there was little danger.

By the time I got back to Manchester, George and Ginger were beginning to wonder where I had got to, they had gone less far north than I in their kayaks and got back at the agreed time, whereas I was half an hour late, but luckily they had waited, knowing that I could not have retrieved my boat by myself, at least not without a lot of scraping on rocks. The total for that stretch was 25km, one of the longest.

Day Fourteen

The next stretch was between Hooksett Falls and Garvins Falls, another hydroelectric power station. I had been told of a boat ramp in that stretch earlier, by a guy I started chatting with while I was scouting for ramps and hazards south of Manchester. It's on River Road (I know, it's hard to believe how imaginative some of these names are), from the main north south road on the western bank, Route 3A, take Johnson Road in Bow, Johnson Road changes to River Road and you soon find it.

It's almost opposite, but just upstream of, the mouth of the Suncook River. The little parking lot by the ramp is one of those places people who have time on their hands or who want to get away from their bosses for a while come to park. Several vehicles came, stayed and went, but George and I were the only people who got out of their cars or used the ramp!

I set off downstream, and where I turned, just above Hooksett Falls Dam, I saw a rowing club on the east bank, though there was no activity there. It looks as though this stretch was preferred as the base of a club,

Fig 13B Looking south over Amoskeag Dam.

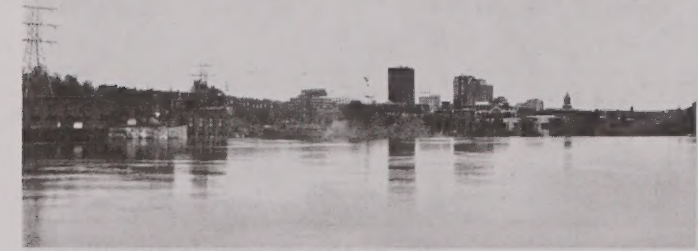
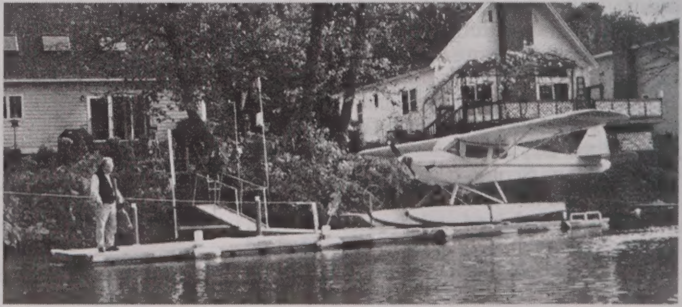


Fig 13D Stearman float plane and owner.



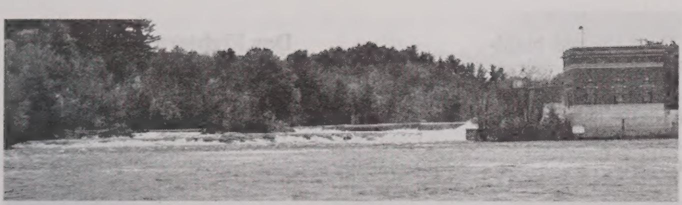


Fig 13E Hooksett Falls, dam and power station.

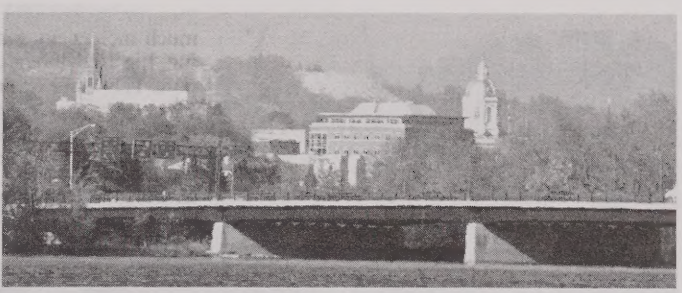


Fig 15A New Hampshire State House.

further from Manchester and a rather shorter length to row on, but an equally nice stretch, it turned out, and probably fewer motorboats in the summer.

On the west side just above the ramp a loop of water can be seen on the map, reminiscent of an oxbow lake. As we went by the entrance to it could be seen, but it was closed to boats. Perhaps it is a fish farm, or perhaps it is part of the large power station which is just upstream of it.

The Merrimack Power Station, Fig 14A, produces 430MW from coal and can produce another 40MW from gas turbines when it needs to. The Amoskeag Dam, in comparison, produces 16MW, Hooksett Falls produces only 1.6MW (as can be seen in Fig 13E, there's not much of a drop there) and Garvins Falls produces 12MW. The Hoover Dam near Las Vegas, by the way, can produce 2100MW.

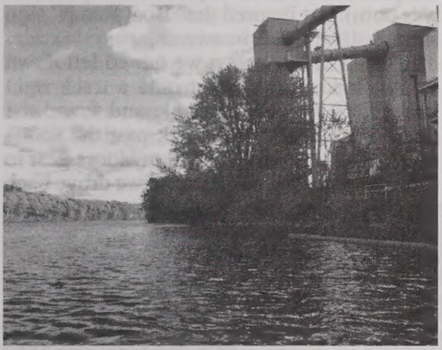


Fig 14A Merrimack Power Station, Bow.

It's surprising how changes in the width of the river are not obvious (to me, anyway) as one rows along. It was only when I looked at the Google map afterwards that I noticed a narrowing, to about half the width, above the power station, followed by a widening, to about one-and-a-half times the original width, above that and up to Garvins Falls.

What I did notice, though, is that in the wider part, although I was far from the bank, the water was shallow. As the water shallows, from about 1m depth, the drag on the boat increases. If it's 25cm deep, I feel as if I'm pulling a bucket along behind me, and the stern wave gets bigger. That didn't happen in my old (much narrower) racing shell, it must have something to do with the water getting "pinched" between the hull and the bottom.

I realized just recently by the way, why cataraman hulls aren't symmetrical (they are always straight on the inside, bowed on the outside). It's because if they were bowed on the inside (i.e., the side nearer to the centreline of the craft) the water would be pinched between the two hulls, and then expanded, as the boat moved along and drag would be much greater.

There wasn't much water coming over Garvins Falls, there was just one spot which resulted in a pretty fan of water down the face of the dam, Fig 14B. All the water was going through the power station, out of sight on the left of the photo. And so, detouring for no particular reason behind a couple of the islands in the wide part of the river just below the dam, back to the ramp, total 17km.

Day Fifteen

The old map shows canoe put-ins on the west bank above Garvins Falls, but we couldn't find them, or anywhere even remotely possible, when George and I were ready for another outing a week or two later (it was now November and the water was getting colder by the day).

We drove up Hall Street towards Concord, then turned onto Basin Drive and went right to the end of it where there is a little space to park and the road becomes a pathway under the Manchester Street bridge. Between the pathway and the water is a lawn (a little park, you might call it) and although it certainly wasn't intended as a boat launch, there was nobody there to stop us.

I set off downstream and could see the golden dome over the Manchester Street bridge (Fig 15A). The spot where we launched is under the bridge on the left. After a couple of sharp bends I passed between the buttresses of an old bridge at quite a speed, then found myself in the "lake" formed by Garvins Falls Dam. Fig 15B looks over Garvins Falls with the power station on the right and the long straight dam seen in the previous photo on the left.

After turning and taking a drink of water, I tried to adjust the mirror on my headband, but it came off in my hand! Many people row without a mirror, but I have got so used to it I didn't like rowing without it, it felt like driving a car with my eyes closed! Anyway, I didn't have much choice. It took me a while to get back up the rapids and past the old bridge, because every few strokes I looked around to make sure I wasn't about to knock an oar on a rock or something, but eventually I did.

After that it wasn't so bad, but I had to continue north past the spot where we put in until I met George, who was exploring the river in Concord in his kayak. I didn't want to go further than necessary, and when I saw him I told him I was cutting the outing short. So my GPS showed only 12km that day.

Day Sixteen

In retrospect, we shouldn't have been looking for somewhere to launch south of Concord at all, because there is a fine ramp in the town on the east bank just north of Franklin Pierce Highway, accessed through the Everett Arena parking lot. Just upstream from that is the Concord Rowing Club and we were looking for that, hoping to launch there first, before we found the other ramp.

Near where I thought the rowing club should be is the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and I suggested to George that he go in there and ask for directions to the dock, but he declined, saying, "If I do that, I might not get out again for 10 to 15 years."

I rowed downstream a short way first to the place I had turned previously, then set off upstream, under several bridges and round some meanders. At some points, the banks were high sand cliffs, Fig 16A, which, as can be seen from the fallen trees, were gradually eroding and forming new meanders. At another spot a beaver had started to gnaw through a tree on the bank, Fig 16B. I thought beavers were more intelligent than to think that they could dam a large river like the Merrimack!

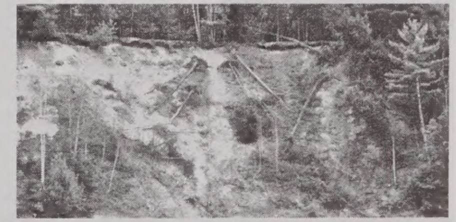


Fig 16A Sand cliff on the eastern bank.

Fig 14B Garvins Falls Dam from below.

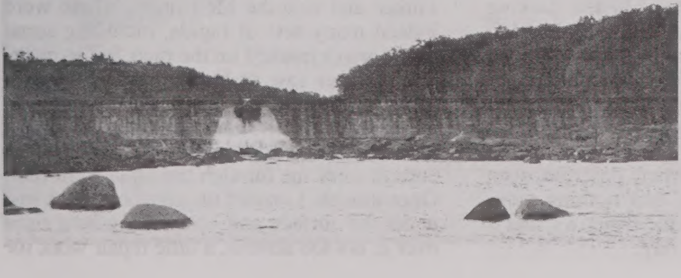
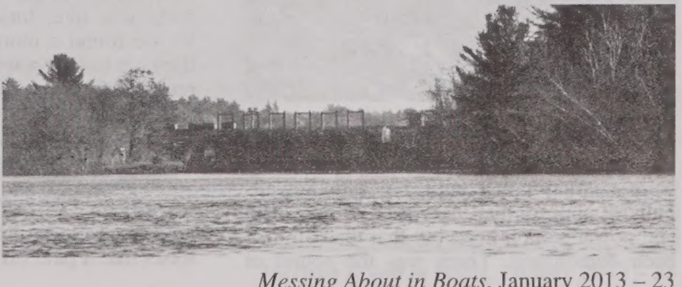
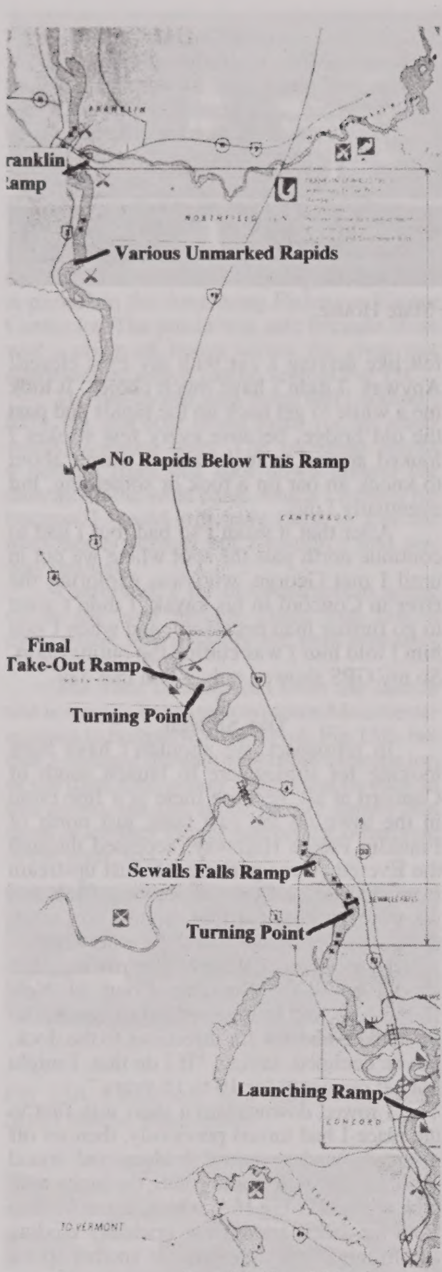


Fig 15B Garvins Falls Dam from above.





Days 16, 17 and 18

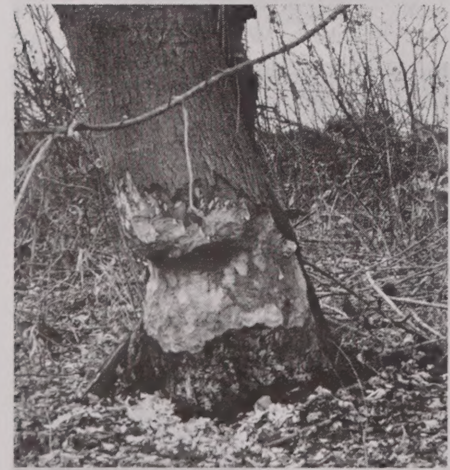


Fig 16B Stupid beaver.

Although the map showed rapids, they were nothing much until I got to Sewalls Falls. It appears that there used to be a dam and power station here, but that the dam had been demolished. There was the sound of much merriment coming from the old building, Fig 16C, though, perhaps it's a restaurant now. The water was rushing down through the narrow channel where the dam had been, so that was as far as I got that day. The total distance, when I got back to the ramp, was 18km.

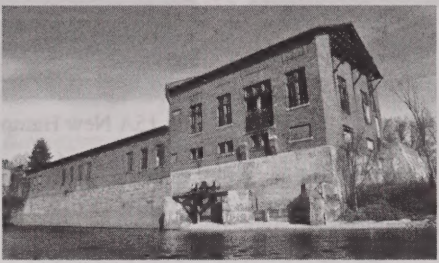


Fig 16C Old power station (I think) at Sewalls Falls.

Fig 16C Old power station (I think) at Sewalls Falls.

With no dam any more, Sewalls Falls is a series of rapids about 1km long. At the north end of them Sewalls Falls Road crosses the river, and on the east side of the bridge there is a parking lot and boat ramp. The odd thing is, which we found when we got there, there are rapids north of the bridge as well as south (Fig 17A looks north from the bridge), so as soon as we launched and headed north, we had to get up them. I just managed to row through but George, in his kayak, had to drag and carry it along the bank to get past the rapids.

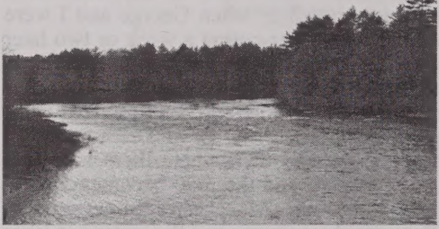


Fig 17A North end of Sewalls Falls.

After that, though, it was pleasant going, past the mouth of the Contoocook River (two mouths, actually, since it is split by an island) and the statue of Hannah Duston. The statue is probably not a likeness since it was sculpted nearly 200 years after her death and, regular homesteader as she was, it's unlikely that any portrait was ever painted, but her story is a strange one, all right.

Just north of the Contoocook, there is a narrowing and a zig-zag in the river with the remains of one old bridge to be avoided, then a modern highway bridge. North of that the river starts to meander, one minute I was rowing east, ten minutes later I was rowing west. But I got nearly as far as a ramp which we had noted on the west bank in Boscawen, and that was the turning point for the day.

Down round the meanders and through the rapids again, I tucked into the boat ramp before I found out what the rest of Sewalls Falls was like, total 19km. In the parking lot we found a morose couple who had left their car to take a walk in the woods and had returned to find it had been broken into.

There was nothing we could do but commiserate, we had been miles away up the river when it happened. I always make sure when I leave my car anywhere deserted, even for a couple of minutes, that nothing valuable can be seen through the windows, and it looks like it paid off that day.

Day Eighteen

The Merrimack begins in Franklin, New Hampshire, at the confluence of the Pemigawasset River, which comes down from somewhere near Franconia Notch, and the Winnipesaukee River, which flows from the eponymous lake, so one can say that one has travelled the whole river without having to navigate some piddling little trickle coming out of a spring.

Well, the first half of November had come and gone and neither the air nor the water was getting any warmer. There was still two days worth of distance to do and somebody had told us there were a lot of rapids in that stretch, although only a couple were marked on the map.

So we decided to finish with a one-way (downstream) trip. We, that's to say me in my car with my boat on the trailer and George in his with his kayak on top, drove up to Franklin and found the ramp, which is actually on the Winnipesaukee River and is reached by a track right next to the high school.

There we unhitched the trailer, left it in the parking lot, crossed the Pemigawasset just above its outflow into the Merrimack (and saw nasty evil rock-filled rapids on both sides) and drove south along the west bank down the Daniel Webster Highway (this is the part of the world where Daniel Webster was born), but ignored the "Boat Ramp" sign about halfway to Boscawen.

Then in Boscawen we turned left down Depot Road, turned right onto a track right in front of the closed bridge and found the ramp at the end of the track past the sports fields. There I transferred all my loose gear to George's car, locked mine and we drove back together in his car to Franklin.

The Winnipesaukee River was narrow, deep and fast moving. Looking upstream from the ramp we could see the outlet from the power station, Fig 18A, and downstream we could only hope there were no trees down right across the river after the bend, Fig 18B. The ramp was steep, which makes things more awkward, and we had to be careful the boats didn't get carried away as we were preparing to leave. One moment's inattention would have ruined the whole day.

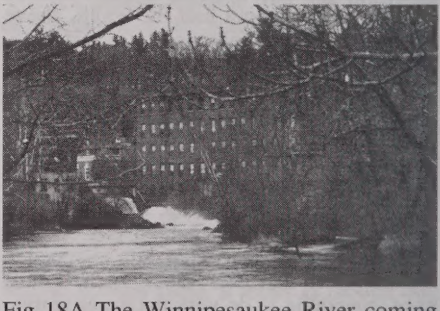


Fig 18A The Winnipesaukee River coming at us.

But there were no mishaps, and in a couple of minutes we were out of the Winnipesaukee and into the Merrimack. There were indeed many sets of rapids, including some that weren't marked on the map, but in every case I either saw or heard them or George, when we were together, warned me of them, so I was ready.

In some cases, I turned around and let the current carry me through the rapid stern first. Once though, I missed the signs of a rock just under the surface and scraped my boat right over it, not too serious, a little repair work for

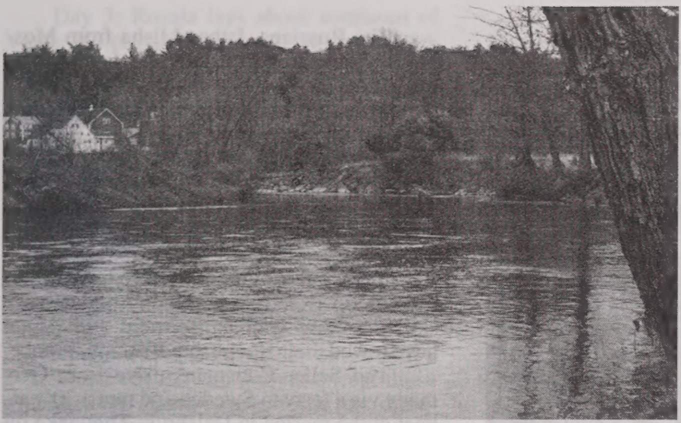


Fig 18B Once we pushed off, there was no returning.

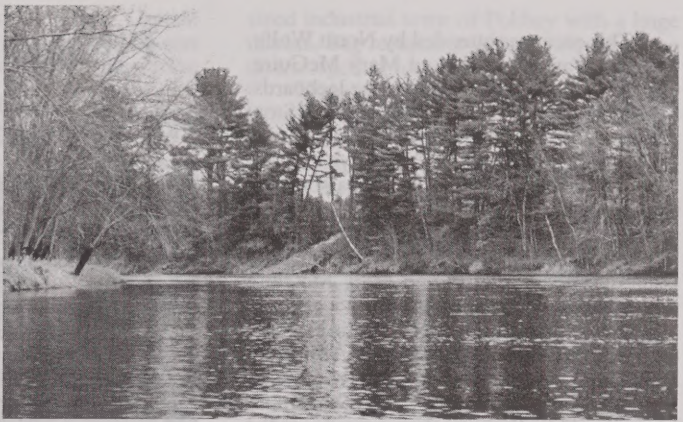


Fig 18C Looking upstream.

the winter, but I was annoyed at myself for allowing it to happen on the last day.

The rapids got less and less frequent and the lower half of the day's voyage was in calm water. From a typical spot near the end, Fig 18C looks upstream and Fig 18D downstream, with Boscawen church in the distance. No leaves on the trees now. When I had negotiated one big meander and passed under the dilapidated bridge (the first bridge since Franklin), I knew the ramp where my car was parked was just ahead.

That was 18km, but all with the current. Of course, then we had to pull the boats up the ramp, drive back to Franklin to fetch George's car and my trailer, then back to the Boscawen ramp before we could load up and set off for home, but we both sure felt a sense of accomplishment!

So it had taken 18 outings, I had rowed about 325km and had learned that some rapids could be rowed up and some could not. I had made a new friend and certainly enjoyed his company and help.

I had gained a feeling about how the river would have been used back in unmechanised days and what difficulties people using it with boats much heavier than mine would have encountered, and seen how it, most of it at least, is gradually returning to its natural state now that people don't need it so much any more.

What I didn't see much of was what was happening on the land near the river, hidden as it was most of the way, by high banks and trees. It was fun and I recommend a trip on the Merrimack to anybody of like mind who wants a little adventure.

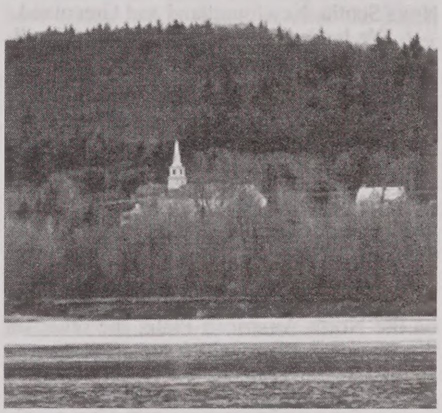


Fig. 18D Looking downstream.

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Finland Raid 2012

By Ed McGuire
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

This race was attended by Norm Wolfe, with crew members Ed and Mary McGuire. Captain Norm to crew, "Lower the leeboards. Set the sail. Take in the mooring lines. Stow the wine and beer in the forward locker. Let's get her underway!" Crew, "Aye, aye sir!"

And so began Raid 2012 in Dalsbruk on the southwest coast of Finland in the Archipelago National Park. Captain Norm reported the start of his part of Raid Finland in the July issue of *SWS*. Crew Ed and Mary McGuire now begin their report.

It was a truly gorgeous New England day (July 10) flying out of Logan Airport on Icelandic Air's 777 which is named for one of Iceland's many (130 to be exact) volcanoes. I love the 777's flight tracker computer in the seat back which showed flight conditions and distance along the track which took us over Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Greenland.

We landed in Keflavik just shy of midnight with the sun and the moon both still up. The sun was up for another hour before barely dipping under the NNW horizon for two hours.

Retired fishing captain and grandfather turned cab driver Bjami Jonsson took us sightseeing among the lava fields and steam vents that riddle much of the country. About 0100 we stopped to stand on a bridge over a dry ravine which is the landward extension of the mid Atlantic Ridge, one foot on the North American Plate, the other on the European Plate, which are separating at about 4cm per year!

Airport reopened at 0330, quick nap, breakfast then, at 0750, on to Helsinki. At this point I should mention we had a 48lb rolling duffel containing tent, pads, sleeping bags, pillows, binocs, extra clothes and gifts from Vermont. We also each carried a many zippered backpack with enough clothes, books, toiletries and snacks to get us through the first day or two. Captain Norm assured us there would be, and there was, a safety/luggage power boat accompanying the eight sailboats.

1430 local we cruised through entry and boarded the bus for downtown. Our immediate destination was Tallinn, Estonia, which meant walking from the downtown ferry ticket office to the docks, mostly downhill, thank you.

Tiiu and Norm met us in Tallinn and we crashed at their wonderful apartment after nearly 36 hours with little sleep. A high point of this whole adventure was a walking tour of the Old Town of Tallinn with Tiiu, whose parents fled Estonia near the end of WWII when the Soviets were pushing the Germans out of the USSR. About a fourth of all the Baltic peoples fled to the west.

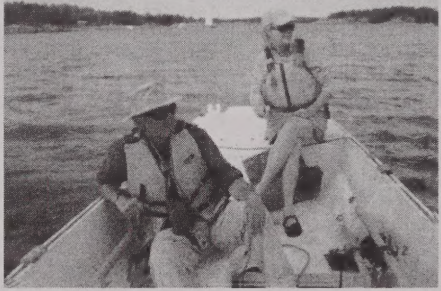
Our last full day in Tallinn ended with a wonderful tour and dinner at the Seaplane Hangar museum hosted by Captain Norm's good friends Andres and Merle Krigel.

Tiiu calls Andres the Godfather of *Raider* since he got it built. Norm and Tiiu are godparents of Andres' kids. Captain Norm, Mary and Ed are now joined up. Early on the 13th Andres, with *Raider* (she still has no better name because the captain feels she is unfinished and can't be named) in tow collects us and we head for the morning ferry back across the Baltic Sea to Helsinki.

1530 and *Raider* is in the water tucked into the cattails of East Harbor in Dalsbruk for the night. She is rigged and ready to row or sail. Couple of beers and dinner and her crew is down for the count. One by one all boats arrive at the start point. Each has a story to tell.

Every day was started with a meeting of the navigating minds and perusing the charts.

Raider has three rowing spots. Here Ed is in position #1 and Norm is in position #2.



Ed in position #2 and Mary at the tiller in position #3.

In the foreground is the catboat which was rented by a couple from Germany.

The Russians, father Misha from Moscow and son Greg from Arizona, launch their brand new Ian Kotic-designed 22' sloop *Vaite Fang*, which is christened with champagne as she slips into the water.

Wojtek and his two museum colleagues, Marta and Conrad from Warsaw, have towed their cat ketch from Poland, across Lithuania, Latvia and into Estonia where we met them for the ferry to Finland.

Yves and his grandson have towed their little sloop from Switzerland. Another very skilled sailing couple, Bertrand and Anne, have towed their sloop from Brittany, France.

The Seller Hausmans drive fiom Germany via a ferry to Sweden and rent a 20' catboat at the marina in Dalsbruk. They take on a local Swede Finn named Fredrik as crew. Fredrik, as it happens, is a distiller farmer. At the duty free shop on the way home we bought a bottle of his very excellent Liquor Cerasorum, "an alcohol extract of ecologically produced cherries."

Seppo's two young friends bring one of Seppo's boats from central Finland to sail with us.

And Peter Lord, the Raid organizer, and his crew Marian from Rumania, sail Peter's cat ketch which is home ported north of Stockholm, Sweden. Mike, the other organizer and originator of Raid Finland, moves around from boat to boat as the week progresses.

Including our Estonian *Raider*, we are eight boats from eight countries. At 26' long, *Raider* is by far the biggest. The language we speak most of the time is English but a great deal of French and Russian sprinkled occasionally with Finnish and Swedish are heard.

Day 1: Bastille Day! July 14. Sun and scattered clouds with a strong breeze. *Raider*, with a double reef, heads south. Destination Hogsbra. Unlike in 2008, we have really good charts of the area we are sailing. Mike and Peter worked out a great track line. Six of the seven days in the Archipelago we spent the night at a new port town. Half of us will tent camp, the other half will room in a cottage, a small ship or a Viking Chieftan's lodge. We will make new friends, visit a new sauna, eat new foods, see lots of islands and narrow waterways and enjoy wonderful sailing.

Close reach into rain and a stiff breeze and *Raider* sails right onto the swimming beach of a marina resort at Hogsbra. The Baltic Trader *Inga* arrives right after us. All our meals are served in the saloon of *Inga* and many of us enjoy the tiny sauna, girls first then the boys.

Day 2: Vano lay to the southwest. Off we went on a flying reach with a double reef. GPS reported our max speed of 6.2 knots across some open water flying by the strangely marked buoys and lights. Vano, a dock, bistro, ferry landing, couple of houses, 15 permanent residents, a community center (inside of which five tents were pitched) and 20 to 30 visiting boats per day in the summer. Finland has a short summer and the Heisinkians make the most of it getting out to these remote islands.

Fredrik, Mary and I took a walk after supper at about 2300 to a small Viking style church on the far end of the island. In 2008 Mary was the only woman among the crews of the five boats. In 2012 there were five women. To honor and celebrate the distaff crew members, here in Vano Mary made a tinfoil "foul weather tiara" which was bestowed on each woman during dinner each day.

Day 3: Rosala lays about southeast of Vano. We prayed for a westerly on the 16th and got more than we asked for. We waited until lunch then took off, again double reefed, out from behind an island, through a 10' gap, between submerged rocks, on a rollicking seven mile run with seas building all the way. Squall lines chased us and the rain made more noise hitting the water's surface than I can remember. Through a narrow channel, easy right to the SE, wind abated, rain dribbled out and we had a nice downhill sail between wooded hilly islands into the ancient Viking town of Rosalla.

By the way, the Baltic has only about a 2" tide and virtually no current except those generated by steady winds from one direction. What little tide we saw is caused by air pressure changes. So, as we often did, we pulled out boats up onto the sloping shore and tied off to a tree. A short distance from the pull-out is the Viking Museum, a re-creation of a typical Viking village that had been there in 1000AD. Fantastic supper in the Chieftains Hall by candlelight, wearing mantles, drinking mead and eating reindeer on square wooden plates with wooden spoons.

Day 4: On the south coast of the island of Rosalia is the small cottage campground of Bole where we spent the next night. However, we made a lunch stop enroute about ten miles out in the Baltic on a very small island called Traskon. To get there we had to snake our way from Rosalla between many, many islands which got steadily smaller the further south we sailed. Winds on the broad Baltic were a whole lot stronger than inshore and it took some hard sailing to get all eight boats and Villa's luggage power boat safely harbored on the leeward side of the island.

Grilled sausage and spectacular views of the rock-dotted Baltic made it a great place to stop. And our final arrival that evening at the Bole campground was delightful. Did I mention the saunas? Every stop, a sauna usually large enough for eight to ten people. Girls always first. Oh, and it is not a real sauna unless it is wood fired and right next to a lake or river to jump into. Bole had a nice one next to a sandy beach.

Day 5: The 18th was our longest sail and the most intense. Started slow with one boat grounding in a narrow channel as we sailed out of Bole. *White Fang* draws the most water but she also has an outboard in a well. We worked our way between hundreds of islands, most of which have nothing on them but spruce trees.

At about noon we crossed what is called the superhighway, a heavily traveled and well marked channel that connects Helsinki with Tarku and Stockholm inshore. It is intended for small boats, not the 700' car ferries that connect Helsinki and Stockholm. As we sailed across we could see a dozen or more boats in each direction, some sailing, but most motoring.

Time to eat the delicious lunch which the owner back in Bole had made for us. *Raider* was lead boat at this point and off to port we could see a network of coves carved into a rocky, tree covered island. Wonderful lunch stop. Some went swimming. As I look at the pictures of this quiet gathering, off to the north are clearly visible black, fast moving clouds. Underway and around to the north side of the island we had a seven or eight mile reach to our campground for the night which on the chart is clearly marked 534 but its actual name is Skata.

Up to this point in the Raid, Captain Norm's team of three had resisted efforts to sort of mix crews for part of a day. We three have sailed together for a long time. We knew each other well. We had our jobs; Norm on the sheet, rowed when needed, used the GPS and tended things amidships; Ed was bowman, navigated and helped row; Mary was the helmsman. But this day we were prevailed on to mix it up. Marian came into *Raider* and Norm crewed for Peter. As it turned out, Marian's long experience on the Danube and the Black Sea in fishing and recreation boats was helpful.

We noticed those black clouds and took a reef. About 40 minutes later a black squall hit us with maybe 40 knots of wind and tearing rain. Marian let the sheet go just in time to keep us upright. We limped slowly into a island cove where we took another reef. Then we sailed without any problem to 534/Skarta.

However the big catboat, despite reefing, capsized in the squall. The crew righted her but she was swamped. With Ville's help, she was towed to a shoaling island, bailed out, and set on her way, arriving only about an hour after the rest of us. Thankfully no boats were damaged and no one hurt. The campground, bistro, sauna, beach, everything at 534 were wonderful. The dinner talk, the wine, the food and the passing of the foul weather tiara were fitting ends to a very full day. All together we had sailed over 20 miles.

Day 6: Next to the last day! Clear. Sunny. This was planned to be a rest day. No breaking camp. Just a lunch sail. Off we went due north from 534. Most of the boats went east of the island just above 534. *Raider* went between two islands, through water less than two feet deep, bounced off a few rocks, up popped the leeboards and the rudder blade.

Had to row when the wind died for a little while. Joined up and sailed into the good sized industrial town of Fobbey with a huge marina. Big restaurant where we pushed the tables together for all 20 of us to sit.

The wind that wafted us north now had to be used to tack back to 534. Along the way the catboat had tiller problems which Marian cured with some line and a screwdriver. Last supper that evening back at 534. Most of us hit the rack early. It was a long sail back to Dalsbruk the next day and we wanted to start early, catch what was left of the predicted north wind for a reach to the west.

Day 7: Once again *Raider* was first out and we enjoyed a slow but restful sail all the way to the lunch stop at Yves summer cottage on an island just six miles east of Dalsbruk. The final sail was an uphill slugfest, tack, tack, tack working our way into a stiff westerly that blew right at us from the harbor.

So we all made it except for Seppo's boat which had to leave us after the lunch stop on Traskon. We all helped each other trailer the boats, bag the sails and pack luggage. Seppo, our good friend from the 2008 Raid, joined us for supper. Then, like a flock of birds, we went our separate ways. Raid 2013 is all ready being discussed for the islands between Hanko and Helsinki.

Seppo had invited Mary and Ed to visit with his family in their home in Karkku, for a few days before returning home. Those three days were a perfect delight getting to know his wife and son in their tiny Viking era village almost 120 miles north of Dalsbruk.

Our flight back to the US included a 19-hour layover in Iceland. First stop was the Blue Lagoon hot mineral baths for a long soak. Mary planned ahead and got us a room in Reykjavik. Dinner and strolling the streets of the capitol at midnight was a treat and a fitting end to our Raid Finland adventure for 2012.

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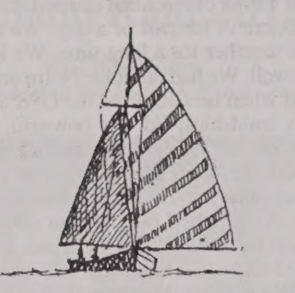
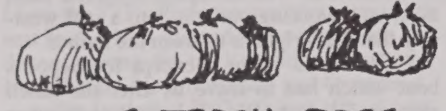
ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE

By Tom



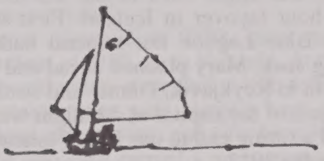
Across the Bay

25 Years Ago in *MAIB*



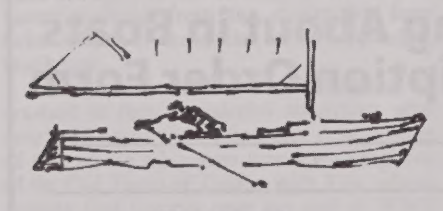
6 TRASH BAGS

I rowed the Townie to the dock, loaded six trashbags of supplies, raised the sail, and cast off at 9:00 a.m. I set the whisker pole. The jib to port and the main to starboard, sailing wing-and-wing out of the harbor before a gentle northwesterly wind. It was a fine sunny summer day and churchbells rang a farewell.

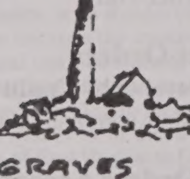


WING ON WING

Three miles offshore the wind stopped. The weather changes quickly in New England, I've been told. So, to occupy the time, I ran out the oars and rowed with a steady, determined stroke. Two hours later, Graves Light was still ahead. What was the tide doing? I should know, but I never do. I looked for the charts to see how far Graves Light was from shore. I couldn't find them. I took everything else and forgot the charts!

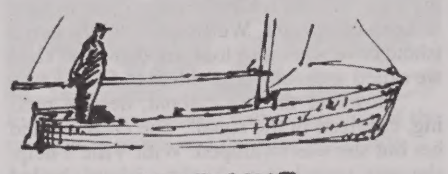


ROWING



GRAVES

"The hell with them," I shouted, "primitives don't need charts."

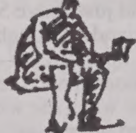


ABORIGINE

The boat added, "That's right, we'll find out where we are when we get there."

You're becoming more like me," I tell the boat, "and I'm becoming a wooden sailor."

Taking a rest from the oars, I opened a jar of applesauce and looked for a spoon. I didn't have a spoon. Six bags of supplies and I didn't have a spoon. I began to wonder what else primitives could do without. The lobster boat DEBRA LEE came alongside as I was trying to suck applesauce out of the jar.



NO SPOON

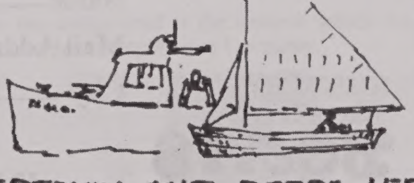
"Where are you bound?"

"Melbourne."

"How long will it take you?"

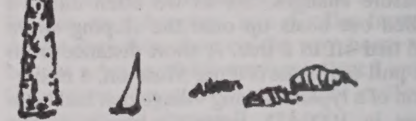
"Don't know."

He laughed. "Have a good trip."



SPEAKIN THE DEBRA LEE

The boat pulled away. We reached Graves at noon. A light easterly wind came up. Minots Light was ahead. A single monolith standing on the horizon. I've sailed by it at night and never failed to be startled by that luminous eye rearing out of the water. All the buoys, bells, horns, aids and markers seem to be creatures of the sea at night. They moan and honk and groan. Rolling like they're walking toward you. Or rocking in a chair, waiting patiently. We sailed between Minots and the shore.



DAMN FOOL

"Damn fool," the boat reminds me, "the light is there to tell you to keep outside of it. There's rocks in here."

"I don't see any," I tried to re-assure the boat.

"They're here and if my bottom hits one you'll be as aboriginal as you'll ever get."

"If I remember rightly, there's three rocks in a row somewhere near here."

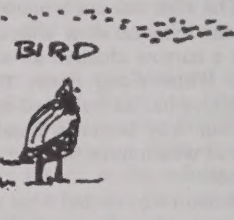
"Where?" the boat asks.

"I don't know where."

"Three rocks, that's useful information."

"Stop worrying. A little bit of nerve and a lot of luck will carry us through anything."

A small yellow bird lands on the jib sheet, then hops on the foredeck.



BIRD

"Stay aboard this lucky ship awhile and rest up."

"Can't, Got to stay up with the flock."

"They migrating?"

"More like commuting, rush, rush, rush."

"Stay aboard, we'll be in port soon, then you can hop ashore."

"Sounds fine, but..." the bird panted, dejectedly. Then it flew straight up, became a dot, and disappeared.

Soon a strong flood tide carried us by the entrance buoy and into the channel of Scituate Harbor.

"How far should we go in?" I asked the boat.

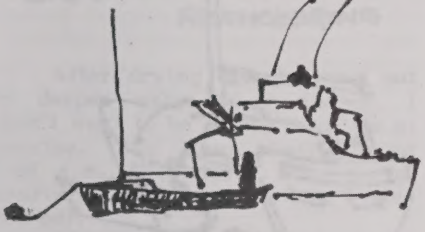
"Until we see something," the boat said.

CHANNEL

"I hate entering strange ports. I never know where to go," I admitted. When we couldn't go any further, we turned and headed back out.

"Grab anything," the boat commanded.

I did, and just as I'm taking the sail down, a giant sportfisherman hovers over me with a smiling helmsman. "This yours?" I ask.

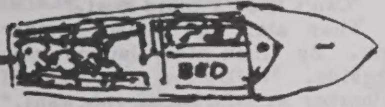


YOURS?

He shakes his head, telling me it is, and adds, "Take your time, I'll radio the harbormaster."

I cast off quickly, thinking to myself, I'm in trouble, this must be a private club. Before I can escape, the Harbormaster whizzes by telling me to take a mooring he points out. "Be back later," he says.

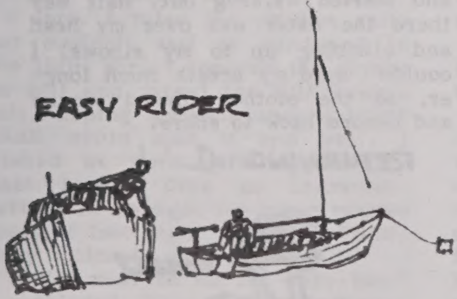
He returns after I've laid out all my comforts. Floorboards and oars laid across the seats, then lifejackets and sails on top, crowned with a sleeping bag, a lantern and a can of cold beans.



COMFORTS

He gives my creature comforts a casual glance and exclaims, "I can't charge you for a mooring, anyone who would go camping out with that outfit deserves a free mooring. Just mention my name sometime, 'Easy Rider'." He roared off.

EASY RIDER

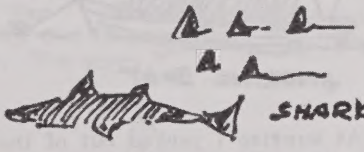


People in the nearby boats stopped staring. Seclusion at last.

SACKED OUT

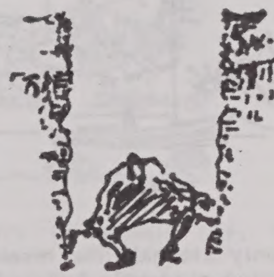
I sacked out and awoke at 6:30, stowed everything, and cast off on an ebbing tide. I never know when the tide is high or low, but it always seems right for us. There are only a few boats active this early. People nod to one another rather than talk and break the silence. Soft choral music from the radio makes me feel good at the beginning of a great day.

Outside the harbor, we start down the coast for Plymouth. Small fins surround the boat. Sand sharks. Miniaturized sharks.



SHARKS

They're beautifully designed fish. Not much thought of by fishermen, though. There is no wind now and a black and white buoy sits beside the boat. It's noon. I become depressed suddenly, like falling down a deep hole and slowly trying to crawl out. Green Harbor is to starboard.



BOTTOM OF THE HOLE

"Shall we spend the night there?" I ask the boat.

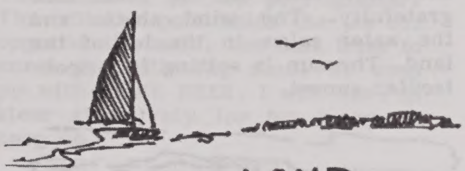
"I don't want to go through the embarrassment," the boat says.

"And I don't want to go through the confusion," I say.

We wait until the wind apears. Seven hours of daylight ahead with roughly 23 miles of open water. East-southeast course. We start across the bay for Provincetown.

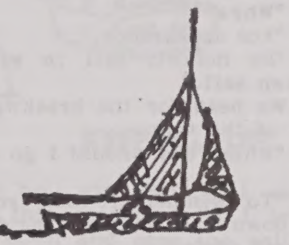
STARTING ACROSS

After a long pleasant sail, land appears off the bow. The wind picks up, whipping the sea into a chop.



LAND

I try to put a reef in the sail and it turns into a mess. I put a double reef in and it becomes a worse mess. I take the sail down and bend on the chicken sail, a half-sized main. The boat turns and runs before the wind, away from the Cape. I work frantically.



CHICKEN SAIL

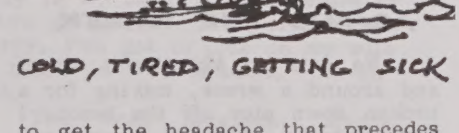
"Throw out a drogue," the boat says.

"What the hell is a drogue?" I ask.

"Never mind, do what you're doing, you'll make it work. Nobody else could, but you will, eventually," the boat answers.

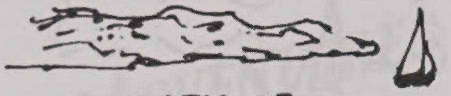
I pull the sail half up. The boom swings out. I lash the halyard and run back to the tiller. Sheet in and turn the boat into the wind, then run forward and haul the sail up taut. Now the boat seems to take the wind and chop better.

We sail full and by toward other boats making for Provincetown. They seem to be staying off the land quite a bit. We bear up into the wind as much as we can, driving into the chop, hoping to clear the land on this tack. I am tired, wet and cold, and beginning



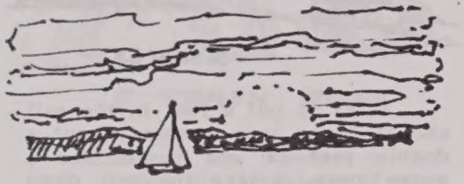
COLD, TIRED; GETTING SICK

to get the headache that precedes seasickness. My hands are shaking on the tiller and I begin to wonder



ARM OF THE CAPE

if I'm going to make it without heaving. The arm of the Cape stretches away to port. We clear the first bend on the same tack gratefully. The wind abates and the water calms in the lee of the land. The sun is setting in a spectacular sunset



ARM AT SUNSET

"Should I change the sail?" I ask the boat.

"Why."

"For appearance,"

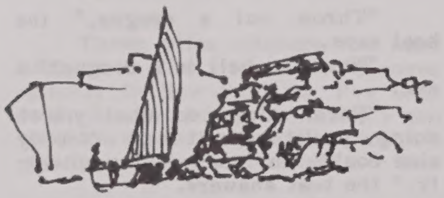
"Be honest, sail in with the chicken sail."

We head for the breakwater in front of the town.

"Which way should I go around it?"

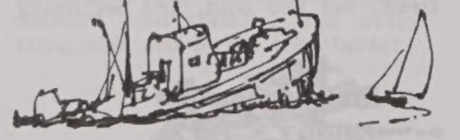
"To windward, then you can run down the channel inside it," the boat advises.

"Sensible."



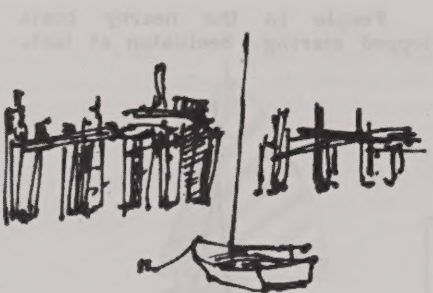
LOOK OUT!

As we round the breakwater the boat screams, "Watch out!" A large passenger boat is coming out, straight for us. We turn, staying close to the rocks. The other boat never changes course, strengthening my resolve to always make the evasive move because in most cases the other bastard won't.

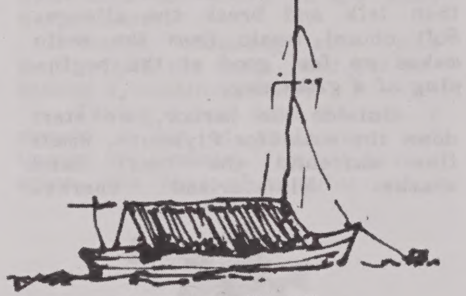


AROUND THE WHREK

We sail by McMillian's Wharf and around a wreck, making for a broken down pier off the beach. I had anchored there on a previous trip. I was towed in then. We went in behind the pier, to hide the boat. Anchored and dropped the sails. It felt good to be in port before dark. I had flashlights with no batteries and a lantern with matches that wouldn't light. I pulled up the centerboard and took off the rudder in case we grounded out on the ebbing tide. I laid out my bunk, threw the tent over the boom and heard the boat snoring before I sacked out.

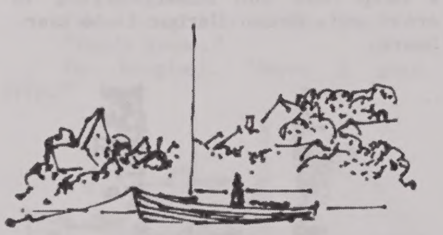


ANCHORED



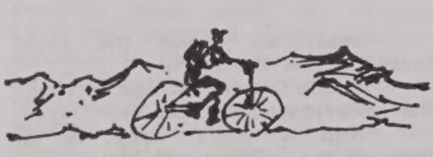
SNORING BOAT

At sunrise I peeked out of the tent and saw that the boat was high and dry on the mud. I dozed off for a luxurious short nap, then got up and walked ashore for breakfast. I was sick of peanuts, water and beans. "I've got to get that boat to self-steer so I can eat."

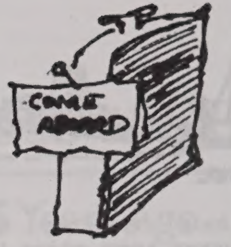


DRY

I only ate half the breakfast, then rented a bicycle and pedalled to Wellfleet to see that town. When I returned, I ate another meal I couldn't finish. I returned to the boat where I found a note tacked to the trunk. "Come aboard HOME FREE, moored in the channel."

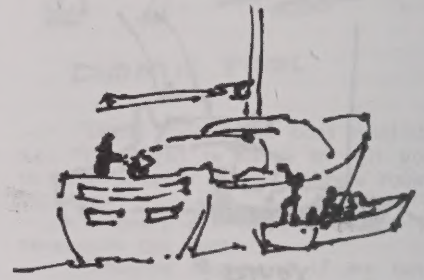


TO WELLFLEET



NOTE

I walked ashore again and caught a launch at the dock. We approached a 43 foot Caribbean cruiser. Ron was cooking shiskebab on the afterdeck. Pam was tossing a salad. The other people in the launch looked at me and commented, "You came at the right time."



HOME FREE

"Yep," I murmured, regretting that I had eaten. I was cordially welcomed aboard, seated and handed a drink. " I just ate and can't eat a thing," I had to explain, "but it smells wonderful." The aroma was as good as eating it. "I found your note in the boat."

"We spotted your boat on the mud flats from the wharf. The plaid was glowing in the sun. I knew there was only one plaid boat in the world," Ted said.

"I tried to hide it behind the pier."

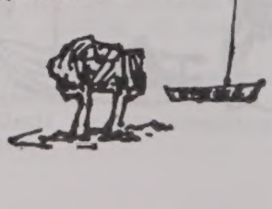
"Can't hide a plaid boat."

They ate, and I had another drink. By then the launch was alongside. "We'll tow you out of the harbor at sunrise if you want," Ron offered.

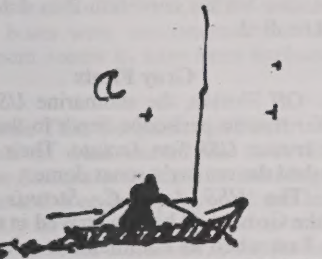
"With coffee and Danish," Pam added.

"That sounds good, but don't wait for me," I foolishly suggested. I was taxied ashore around 10 p.m., returned to the beach to find the boat afloat and quite a distance from the shore. I took off my clothes, held them above my head, and started walking out. Half way there the water was over my head and climbing up to my elbows. I couldn't hold my breath much longer, so the clothes turned around and headed back to shore.

RETURNING



I dressed and waited for the tide to drop. Midnight. I tried again and failed to reach the boat. 2:00 a.m. I tried again. With a longer breath and water to the wrists I reached the boat, dropped the clothes in, and pulled myself aboard. "There's got to be an easier way to get aboard."



REANCHORING

After drying off, I rowed out to deeper water to re-anchor. I didn't want to be on the mudflats at sunrise. The Town Hall chimed 3:00 a.m. "I'll never wake up at sunrise," I said to myself as I passed out.

"Get up," the boat commanded. Almost immediately I heard rain on the tarp. The sky was growing light. Perhaps I should go back to sleep.

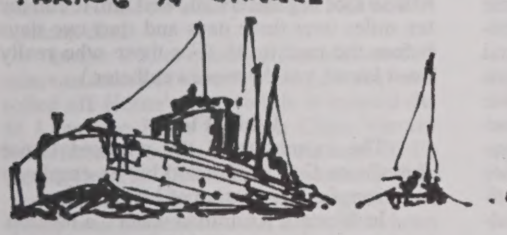
"Get up."

I got up, stowed the tent and bedding, shipped the rudder, saw that I only had a foot of water beneath us, bent on the sails without raising them in light air, cast off and started rowing between the wharf and the wreck, where orange floats were strung across.

"That could be a chain," the boat warned.

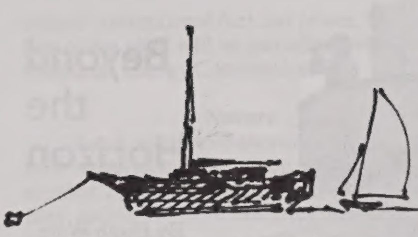
"Taking another chance? So, when should that faze a fearless Townie?" I asked.

TAKING A CHANCE



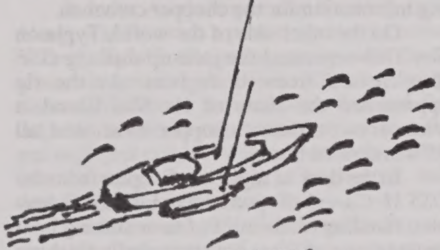
We passed over them without mishap, to gain the channel. From there I can see HOME FREE to windward with her sails raised and someone forward near the anchor. I'm late. I raise the chicken sail, but couldn't sail to windward in the light air. I lowered the chicken sail and raised the full Townie sail, hoping someone aboard HOME FREE would spot it and wait. I wished we were gaff rigged with mast hoops. Give us character. Sailing in amongst the other moored boats, I lost sight of HOME FREE. Many sailboats were leaving.

"It must be on its way, too," I concluded. Then I saw it nearby weighing anchor. We sailed to its



PORT SIDE

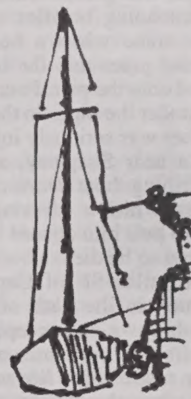
port side. Ted lowered fenders. Bow and stern lines are secured and the tow begins. A short way out of the harbor, a few dolphins jump out of the water off the stern. Soon the waters around the boat are full of frolicking bottle-nose dolphins. Ted ran around topside with a camera.



DOLPHINS

"Never believe this even with pictures," he's screaming.

Pam grabbed the Townie shroud and it broke. "My God," she says, "I'm sorry."



BROKEN SHROUD

I try to console her. "The boat's always falling apart."

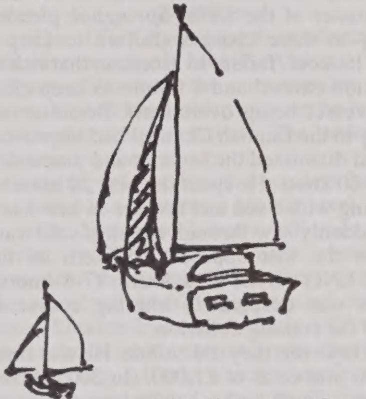
"My God," she says again. Then adds, "You're going to write a story about this trip and you'll say that I broke your shroud."

"That's right," I bantered, "I just write the facts. You broke my shroud."

Ron gave me a compass course of 325 degrees magnetic. Northwest, since I can't read the degrees on my compass. Pam hands me a spoon, matches, a thermos of chicken soup and all the leftovers from last night's meal. The engine is put in neutral while I climb aboard the Townie and repair the shroud with four shackles.

"There's water in your boat," Penny declares, horrified.

"There's always water in the boat, a leaking boat is more adventurous," I responded with bravado. We cast off lines at the outer buoy and separate. The sky is overcast with fog predicted. A beautiful sailing day. The sea is calm off Race Point in the early morning. The wind is on the port quarter. The whisker pole holds the jib out opposite the main, the boat tries to suref the following seas. We keep up with HOME FREE. I will have to steer attentively for ten hours to keep up.



KEEPING UP

"The hell with racing, I want to enjoy this sailing." So I take the pole down and ease the sails. "Relax," I tell the boat. HOME FREE sails away. The sky and sea are silver grey. We flush a flock of black-headed terns off the water. The radio falls into the bailing bucket and drowns. "Don't need it now, silence is the voice of the great spirit."

Minots Light is in the distance. The beckoning finger. The wind lightens, then disappears. I run out the oars and row, wondering if the tide is against us. Rain clouds are in the north. The sky keeps changing but the weather stays the same. The wind appears again at sunset. Graves Light is ahead now. I light the lantern and hang it from the boom. With no moon in the thick overcast sky, the night becomes pitch black. I stay on course heading for a red beacon at Shags Rocks off the coast of Nahant.

The wind disappears again. I row into the harbor and up to the dock of the Nahant Dory Club, 10:00 p.m., 14 hours for the crossing. I'm cold, tired and satisfied. Bill and Dave help me unload the boat. The cruise is fondly stored away in my memory. Dave offers to drive me home. "But you have to hurry, I've got to pick up my wife at beano in five minutes," he added.

The boat laughed. "Hurry back to your hurried life!"

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The current global marine insurance market has the capacity for $1.1-$1.2 billion of coverage but the risk presented by a single large container ship could be larger. A loaded 18,000-teu box ship could have a total value of maybe $2.3 billion. In contrast, the hull and machinery and insured value of the *Costa Concordia* cruise ship, currently the biggest marine insurance loss in history, was $500 million.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: In the Russian far east an EPIRB from the bulker *Amurskaya* started bleeping for help and then the ship sank with its crew. The vessel was undermanned, overloaded with 700 tons of gold ore and had left port without proper clearances.

Ships ran into each other: In the UK, the master of the reefer *Springbok* pleaded guilty to three charges (failure to keep a good lookout, failure to ascertain that risk of collision existed and a failure to keep clear of a vessel being overtaken). Because visibility in the English Channel had improved, he had dismissed the lookout and proceeded at 18-20 knots. He spent the next 20 minutes chatting with a son and brother-in-law when he suddenly saw through the ship's forward cranes the fast approaching stern of the small LNG carrier *Gas Arctic* (7-8 knots), which was desperately altering course to avoid the coming collision.

However, they did collide. He was fined £1,500 plus costs of £1,000. (In 2003 at Singapore, a small timber carrier named *Springbok* was T-boned by an LPG carrier named *Gas Roman*. The collision welded the two ships together and salvors separated them with difficulty and some trepidation. Different ships, different owners but much similarity in names.)

Ships kissed the bottom with more or less vigor: The smallish *Wilson Avonmouth* gently grounded north of Elsinore. (If that name is vaguely familiar, get out your copy of *Hamlet*.) The vessel traffic service had noted that the coaster was heading for a problem and tried to call the ship on VHF. No answer so the VTS took actions involving a helicopter and the Swedish Coast Guard in hopes of getting the ship to anchor but no luck. The master was intoxicated.

The container ship *Fremantle Express* ran onto rocks and its starboard anchor while entering Puerto Cortes in Honduras. No leaks or structural damage, and the ship was freed the next day by two tugs.

In Alaska, the small tugboat *Capt Hendren* had just finished a summer of dredging for gold when it ran up on some rocks two miles outside of St Michael. It got off a day or two later.

In India, the chemical tanker *Pratibha Cauvery* was pushed aground at Chennai by Cyclone *Nilam* and the crew tried to get ashore in a lifeboat. It capsized and 18 were rescued but four others went missing.

Fires, of course: The container ship *Deike Rickmers* arrived at Cape Town with dense smoke arising from a probable fire in a container.

Last summer's fire on the container ship *MSC Flaminia* claimed one more life, raising the death toll to three. A Filipino crewmember died in a hospital in Portugal from severe burns sustained during the fire.

People were rescued: Three walkers were 3,000 feet up the munro (any mountain in Scotland with a height over 3,000' or 914.4m) Beinn a'Chroin in the Trossachs when a cloud rolled in and they were lost. Poorly equipped except for a smartphone and whistle, they asked for help. A Royal Navy helicopter was diverted from a training flight but decided it didn't want to operate in thick cloud. A crewman hiked up the munro and found the stranded walkers about 15 minutes later, uninjured but cold. Visibility topside was about 40 metres and the whistle provided useful vectoring information for the chopper crewman.

On the other side of the world, Typhoon *Son Tinh* separated the jack-up drill rig *GSF Key Hawaii* from its tugboat. As the rig approached the shore of Ha Mai Island, a Vietnamese military chopper evacuated all 35 workers on board.

In the dark of night a helicopter from the *USS McCampbell* spotted five Filipino fishermen standing on the roof of their sinking boat because one of them was repeatedly flashing a lighter. The destroyer took them to Manila.

People died: Close quarters do not always lead to close friendships. An argument on the tug *Nicole* at Manila turned ugly and the quartermaster hacked the chief engineer to death with a bolo.

At Tampa, the geared bulker *Honesty Ocean* was unloading bundles of 4" pipes with a ship's crane when a bundle broke apart, showering pipes into the hold, on the ship's deck and onto the pier. Four stevedores were trapped under the pipes in the hold. One died and another was seriously injured.

In Alaska near Skagway, a fisherman fell off the fishing boat *Darlin' Michelle*. Shipmates tossed him a life ring and tried several times to pull him aboard but his lifejacket broke and so he died.

About 90 miles SE of Cape Hatteras and pretty much in the path of Hurricane *Sandy*, the made-for-a-movie replica square-rigger *HMS Bounty* ran into trouble and sank. Fourteen made it into life rafts but two missed a raft when the *Bounty* rolled. One was later located, survival suited but comatose and unresponsive. She was Claudene Christian, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, the original *Bounty*'s chief mutineer. Still missing was Capt Robin Waldridge, a vastly experienced skipper of replica ships like the *Bounty*.

The master of the Saudi Arabia flagged tug *Resolve Guardian* died, probably of a heart attack, while the tug was enroute from India to a Pakistani port.

A South Korean Coast Guard small boat capsized while rescuing 15 of the Malaysian freighter *Shinline*'s crew and five of the just rescued died.

On the LPG carrier *Maharshi Krishnatreya*, five died when they accidentally inhaled gas from a leaking pipe.

Other bad things happened: At Loch Lomond, an unconfirmed report stated that more than 100 vessels had been stolen after dark, taken out to an island and stripped that night and then sunk.

One of the custodians of the Mersey Heritage Trust's Baltic trader tall ship *Zebu* attempted to mount his bike on a pontoon (float) alongside the dock wall but he lost his balance and fell head first into the narrow gap between the pontoon and quay and became trapped under it. The *Zebu*'s safety officer immediately jumped in and pulled him out. He was rushed to Liverpool Royal Infirmary where he was admitted to intensive care suffering from secondary drowning. He recovered sufficiently to come out of intensive care but his condition then deteriorated and he died.

Gray Fleets

Off Florida, the submarine *USS Montpelier* rose to periscope depth in the path of the cruiser *USS San Jacinto*. Their meeting crushed the cruiser's sonar dome.

The *USS John C. Stennis* Carrier Strike Group had barely arrived in the Middle East when its commander, a rear admiral, was temporarily reassigned because of an "inappropriate leadership judgment" during the deployment.

And the commanding officer of the frigate *USS Vandergrift* took photos during a three-day "happy" visit with the ever convivial Russians at Vladivostok and posted them on the 7th Fleet's own Facebook page. He was promptly relieved of command for "demonstrating poor leadership and failure to ensure the proper conduct of his wardroom officers." Three of his senior officers were relieved of duty "for personal conduct involving use of alcohol and not adhering to established liberty policies."

The commanding officer of the landing ship dock *USS Harpers Ferry* was hospitalized after a motorcycle accident while commuting home from work. His executive officer took over.

At Mayport, Florida, a Royal Navy officer died after falling off a hoisted out landing craft on *HMS Ocean* and landing on another landing craft below.

To raise £5,000 for the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association a Royal Navy diver ran the Great South Run while wearing 200 pounds of antique diving gear. He figured he could run a mile in an hour and a half so race organizers allowed him to run the ten miles over three days and start two days before the race itself. (For those who really must know, yes, he wore a catheter.)

White Fleets

The ex-master of the wrecked cruise ship *Costa Concordia* sued his ex-employer for wrongful termination of his job.

In Western Australian waters, a helicopter from the frigate *HMAS Toowomba* was training off Fremantle when it was diverted to pick up an elderly man off the *Sea Princess*. He was suffering from acute stomach pains.

Serious damage was discovered on the *Ventura*, 116,017 gross tons and built in 2007, after it hit bad weather in the Bay of Biscay. A crack at least 2" wide ran across the full width of an upper deck. (The cruise ship and its passengers made it safely to Southampton.)

Tour boats had a bad month. Off Cape Town, an unnamed catamaran capsized near Hout Bay and a crewman went missing. Passengers said he had given his lifejacket to a youngster. His body was found the next day. The boat was carrying 38 people to Duiker Island, a popular destination for seal spotting.

A mock cannon exploded on a mock pirate ship carrying 26 tourists near the island of Kos in the south Aegean Sea. The explosion killed the master and injured five tourists, none seriously. A relative of the dead master got the ship back to port.

In Vietnam's scenic Ha Long Bay, five tourists died when their boat collided with another and capsized. None were wearing lifejackets and there was no safety or medical equipment on board. After a similar accident killed five tourists last year, safety standards for tour boats were implemented but their enforcement seems to have been haphazard if at all.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Gusts of wind caused the ro-ro ferry *Napoleon Bonaparte* to break its moorings at Marseille and it ended up aground and leaning heavily on a dock. That ripped an underwater breach in the hull about 30 metres long. The ferry was out of service for the winter.

A female deckhand on the Alaska Marine Highway's *Columbia* was injured at Fairhaven, Washington, when a cable supporting a passenger ramp snapped and it buckled and collapsed. She fell about 20' onto the ramp and suffered multiple injuries.

Due to bad weather conditions, the ro-ro/pax *Pride of Burgundy* collided with the similar ferry *Berlioz* off Calais. The *PoB* had damage to its starboard bridge wing.

On Lake Erie, the small ro-ro ferry *Jimann* got stuck on a sandbar only 200 metres from its terminus at Leamington, Ontario. Thirty-three crew and passengers, including an infant, spent the night on board and the next day a tugboat pulled it free. Many on Pelee Island breathed a sigh of relief because the ferry was due to bring over 600 hunters for the Island's annual pheasant shoot.

The Washington State ferries have minimum staffing and, if a crewman doesn't show up for work, the ferry doesn't sail. There were dozens of such cancellations this summer (up from four last year) and company officials are talking with unions whether union members might be unhappy (as in "work slowdown").

In the Egyptian province of Beheira, a minibus rolled off a ferry into the Nile and 14 workers died.

In the US, or perhaps Canada, another minivan knocked down a raised ramp and rolled off Horne's ferry while it crossed the St Lawrence River between Cape Vincent in Jefferson County, New York, and Wolfe Island, Ontario. The three occupants standing nearby weren't hurt but ferry's master/owner Horne was hospitalized for a possible heart attack. And the next day the company's website announced, "We must close early this year due to low water levels."

Energy

A 13.8-megawatt solar power plant has been operating at the US Navy's China Lake research center in the Mojave Desert since January. It will save the Navy about $13 million a year because the maker of the solar units got to install its units if it sold electricity to the Navy at below the current rates.

The US Navy signed an agreement with a privately owned company for the development of advanced biofuels and bioenergy for use throughout the US military. The company will build a sustainable bio-refinery at US Naval Base Ventura County that will produce biofuels and bioenergy at prices competitive with unsubsidized conventional fuel and power. Construction of the plant will be partially funded by the California Energy Commission.

Nature

An Australian-Bahraini team of coral-reef rebuilders has been using realistic molded concrete replicas of coral heads but may switch to more complex heads printed by a 3D printer.

Scientists are working on ways to "see" though the icy crust on an ocean to explore what is underneath. A major problem is the sea is on Europa, a moon of Jupiter some 390 million miles from Earth.

Metal-Bashing and Salvage

Three laborers died when steel plates fell on them from a ship's deck at the Gadani scrapping yard on the Baluchistan coast in Pakistan.

In India, Asia's largest ship breaking yard, Alang, was closed as a protest against the arrest of company officials in connection with death of six laborers in a blast on an oil tanker being dismantled. Those arrested were booked for culpable homicide not amounting to murder and negligent conduct with respect to fire rather than the more usual charge of negligence, and they could get life imprisonment.

To eliminate pollution sources Russia may hire international salvage companies to raise two old nuclear submarines. While being towed to a dismantling site, *B-159* (originally *K-159*), a November-class submarine, sank in the Barents Sea in 2003 with nine of her crew and 1,760lbs (800kg) of spent nuclear fuel. *K-27* was an experimental attack submarine built in 1962 and decommissioned in 1979 due to its troublesome nuclear reactors. Nine of her crew died when fuel elements failed. Her reactor compartment was sealed and the submarine was scuttled in the eastern Kara Sea in 1982.

The sunken ro-ro ferry *Bahuga Jaya* may remain at the bottom of Sunda Strait at a depth of 76 metres and with strong underwater currents along with what is now believed to be the bodies of 43 passengers. Rescue authorities said it would be "inefficient" to raise it to the surface. (A salvor might have a different opinion.)

"Bottom suction" is often a limiting factor when refloating a grounded vessel. At Valencia, the grounded bulker *Celia* broke bottom suction by using its cranes to swing two heavy containers from one side to the other while the tug *Punta Mayor* pulled. Everything worked and all that remained were a damage assessment and an investigation into why the ship had gone aground almost a month earlier.

Human Imports

Attempts to better one's future continue to kill. As many as 130 people may have drowned off the coast of southern Bangladesh after a boat carrying passengers trying to illegally get into Malaysia sank in the Bay of Bengal. Only six survivors were found.

At least 61 people died when a boat believed to be carrying illegal Syrians and Palestinians migrants sank off the coast of Turkey.

A boat carrying as many as 100 Tunisian migrants ran into trouble in the Mediterranean and at least 56 people were rescued, some from the sea and others from the small and uninhabited Sicilian island of Lampione

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

West Africa was the month's piracy hot spot. Seven non-Nigerian mariners were kidnapped from the anchor handler *Bourbon Liberty 249* off Nigeria while another nine crewmen, reportedly all Nigerians, were left on board. The vessel was soon located at Bonny Island and the captives were released two weeks later, probably after ransoms were paid. The comment was made that "this attack was a 'departure against the usual pattern of piracy' in the Gulf of Guinea."

The Aframax tanker *Orfeas* quietly left the anchorage at Abidjan, probably hijacked and heading for Lagos, Nigeria. About three days later the tanker was released minus a goodly part of its cargo of 32,068 tonnes of gasoline.

Odd Bits

The US Coast Guard conducted an extensive search off Mobile, Alabama, for a Filipino sailor from the containership *MSC Tokyo*. He had been told to recover the Jacob's ladder after the pilot arrived. The ladder was down and a shoe was on the deck so it was believed he fell overboard. Four days later he was found in a downtown Mobile hotel.

The Statute of Liberty will soon have a rival. In 2014 a giant Ferris wheel will open near the Staten Island ferry terminal. The wheel will be 625' high while London's famed London Eye wheel is only 443' tall. (I once asked a carnie operator why they bothered erecting a Ferris wheel when few rode on it. He said attendance was always way down unless the Ferris wheel showed above the trees.)

Actor Sir Alec Guinness said, "I gave my best performances during the war trying to be an officer and a gentleman." (He was commanding officer of a landing craft or two during World War II with several combat landings to his credit.)

In the UK, the Strood is an ancient causeway (originally built by the Saxons in about 680AD) that connects the Essex mainland with Mersea Island, about a half mile offshore. The causeway (now paved) is low lying and is regularly inundated by high tide. Most locals carry tide tables to avoid being embarrassed or inconvenienced but one elderly woman forget that detail and was stranded. She got out of her car and was swept away. A nearby recovery truck was called and rescued her but within half an hour there were seven more vehicles trapped on the flooded road. Nine forgetful adults and a toddler were rescued.

Nominated for the Cool Cat of the Month Award, a dredge operator. At San Rafael in California a backhoe excavator on a barge was cleaning silt from a canal when the crew spotted a nearby apartment on fire. Moving in, the operator tried to dump dredge buckets of water on the fire but was too far away. He then dredged his way closer. The fire was effectively knocked down when local firefighters arrived.

Head-Shakers

A Senatorial candidate in Connecticut ran a television ad promoting his efforts to create jobs at the state's sub maker, General Dynamics' Electric Boat of Groton. Inadvertently, it featured a Norwegian submarine.

Was the homophone accidental or not? A marine technology magazine creatively used the English language when it printed that one company had "developed a way to take fish awful and make a world class fertilizer."

Ghost and *Caprice* Sail Again

By Cynde Smith
Tumblehome BoatShop

REUBEN SMITH'S
TUMBLEHOME
BOATSHOP
HISTORIC CRAFTSMANSHIP

The historic Sound Inter Club racing class sailboats are back on Lake George, where as many as ten of them sailed and raced throughout the 1940s to the 1980s. *Ghost* and *Caprice* were out of the boatshop and in the water together in October. Both boats have undergone a full structural restoration using original materials and methods, and are powered by modern, quiet Elco electric motors. The boats sail great and are highly responsive. They seem to be evenly matched and are loads of fun, both to race and watch.

Caprice still had much of her original hardware, so her bronze is wonderfully weathered and aged. *Ghost* needed new hardware, so her bronze is beautifully bright and shiny (thanks to the craftsmen at J.M Reineck & Son). Both have beautiful new creamy-cotored sails from Sperry Sails.

Ghost has a good deal more new wood in her than *Caprice*. It was the owner's goal to maintain as much of the original structure as possible of both boats, and to rig them as *Caprice* was rigged in the mid-1930s.

Since their outing at season's both have returned to Tumblehome for winter storage and display (oh, and continued tweaking).

Tumblehome Boatshop
684 State Route 28
Warrensburg, NY 12885
Phone: (518) 623-5050
www.tumblehomeboatshop.com

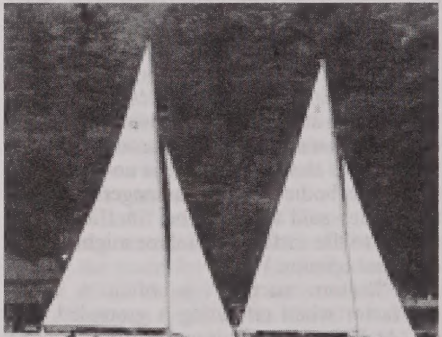
The Sound Inter Club

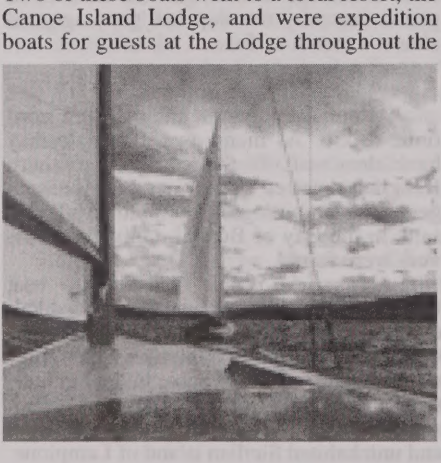
The Sound Inter Club class sailboat was designed by the prolific boat designer, Charles D, Mower. Only 28 of these impressive sailing boats were built, most all of them in 1926 by the craftsmen at the Nevins Boatyard on City Island, NY. The Sound Inter Clubs were raced on Long Island Sound throughout the late 1920s by the who's who of yacht racing. Some of the these yachtsmen sailed on America's Cup Defenders.

On Lake George, NY the appetite for one-design racing was growing by 1934 with the Cape Cod Knockabout (adapted with lead keels for stability) followed by the Star class. By late 1937, Lake George Club sailors Hib Hall (Hall's Boat Corp.), Harold P. Pitcairn, and Ernst F.W. Alexanderson, developed appetites for an even bigger, more powerful, one-design boat. The timing was perfect, as down on Long Island Sound, Corny Shields, the master of the iSc class, was establishing his new International One Design (IOD) fleet, and moving the iSc owners over to them. Records show that numerous iSc craft left the Sound area that year and the following. In total, it is believed that as many as ten Sound Inter Clubs made their way to Lake George, where Pitcairn bought two, and Alexanderson and Hall each bought one.

The iSc became the largest and fastest sailboat fleet on the take. Racing at the Lake George Club became a favored and most competitive sport. But it wasn't all hard racing and sailing, old family photos show the iSc fleet gathering in Log Bay, swim ladders over the sides, and towels drying on the booms while friends cooked on campfires at shore.

By the 1960s, however, the boats were becoming tired, and Lake George sailors turned to newer and simpler boats. Some boats were lost or fell to ruin, or left the area. Two of these boats went to a local resort, the Canoe Island Lodge, and were expedition boats for guests at the Lodge throughout the 1960s, '70s, and early '80s. They were later destroyed, with their keels being used for the Canoe Island 30.





But think of it, during the same years that *El Lagarto* was retired from racing but stilt a fixture crashing around the take, these sailboats were working the same water. Radically different boats but each as famous, in their own world, as the other. And both boats designed with the same basic premise: a boat that could be used for pleasure, and yet raced on a knife's edge. Today, only five of the original Sound Inter Club boats have been found worldwide. The rest have been lost.

During his tenure at Hall's Boat Corp. in Lake George, Reuben Smith led the major part of the restoration of two of those original five Sound Inter Clubs. The final phases of the restorations were completed at Tumblehome Boatshop. They were sailed on Lake George in October, marking an historic reintroduction of the class to this beautiful take.

Since no original builder's plans exist for this historic class sailboat, restoration was painstaking, time-consuming, and involved the careful evaluation of old photographs and designer study plans that lacked detail and accurate measurements, as well as careful study of the remaining boats. But now *Caprice*, the Sound Inter Club boat known to be the most original, has been documented with laser technology, accurate to a tenth of a millimeter, which provided critical information for the restoration of *Ghost*. With those new builder plans, an exact replica can also be built and is being offered as the True iSc, exclusively through Reuben Smith's Tumblehome Boatshop.

Learn more about the Sound Inter Club at SoundInterClub.org

DinghyCruising

The Gull ~ The Perfect Boat For Me

by Chris Abela

All photographs ©Chris Abela

Just the other day I was working on the 12th story of a tower block that directly overlooked the reservoir where I first launched my Gull dinghy *Aurora* nearly 9 years ago. This prompted me to write a few words about this excellent little boat and what I have learnt about her since.

On completion of an RYA Day Skipper course I had learnt to sail theoretically, but I was daunted by the thought of yacht ownership. It seemed like a world that was more about money and sailing club dinner dances than sailing itself. Almost as if golfers had taken to the water and brought their elitism with them. With my new-found love of sailing I intended to be on the water actually getting wet (and sometimes dirty) in an attempt to hone my growing skills. I'd done some dinghy sailing years before but it wasn't until I discovered the DCA that I realised there was more to this sport than racing around a gravel pit in circles. Although I must confess, I have also become a keen racer in the last few years.

Our first boat was an old and rather shabby wooden Heron dinghy that my partner and I took to Ullswater for 2 weeks of intensive sailing cum capsize practice. But after 6 months of devoted ownership Heron 97 left us for a better home.

What we needed was a boat that would be easy to launch, retrieve and sail single-handed but had room for at least two adult crew. When I first saw a Gull dinghy at the Earls Court Boat Show I knew she was the perfect boat in every respect. Then in her 'Gull Spirit' guise, she seemed to stand out from the other dinghies on display as the boat that seemed to fit my brief perfectly. I ordered one shortly after.

Gulls are available from the manufacturers in a specification that is more or less ready for cruising. They can be fitted with a furling jib, (furling but not reefing, as with a sail area of only 18 sq ft you either need the jib or you don't); a slab-reefing main that can be reefed in seconds and a watertight aft locker that is big enough to store a small outboard if required. They also have the luxury of what we lovingly refer to as 'the parcel shelf', a large storage area under the foredeck. She can be rowed, motored or, when the current isn't too strong, paddled. I like to use a 'praddle' (see *www.tridentuk.com/sailing/product-praddle-BBpraddle.html*) as its design allows you to paddle with one hand and operate the tiller with the other. A small spinnaker of 60 sq ft is allowed in the class rules and although I've not seen this used to any great advantage when racing, it may be useful as a cruising chute.

The Gull behaves remarkably at sea. She is every bit the little sister of the Wayfarer and Wanderer dinghies. She has the same responsive but stable

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The Gull 'Spirit'

feel of those boats. She is certainly livelier in heavy conditions as she is only 11ft 4ins LOA but you are probably doing something wrong if you manage to capsize her. I've sailed mine in a Force 8 and I never felt in any way that I shouldn't be doing so.

First designed in 1956 by Ian Proctor she was intended mainly as a training boat and was built, as most boats of that era were, from plywood, with the Mark II moulded from GRP about a decade later. The Mk III and IIIa were of slightly different construction: the boat lost its chines and turned into a round-bilged craft. This probably made it easier and cheaper to produce. Most Gulls until this point were fitted with a fore and aft mast step allowing the boat to be sailed as a Bermudan sloop (mast in rear position) or a una Bermudan (mast in forward step, discarding the jib).

The Gull 'Spirit' on the Broads

From the early 1990s Anglo Marine began building what many consider to be the best Gulls. Their 'Gull Spirit' version is the boat favoured by Margaret Dye and is discussed in her book Dinghy Cruising. The current boat is the awfully named 'Gull Calypso' which differs only slightly from the Spirit and is still an excellent boat. Gull Spirits and Calypsos tend to be sought after on the secondhand market but mark IIIs are often found for a few hundred pounds and the wooden boats are often donated in a seaworthy condition free to good homes. I've managed to find homes for at least two such boats. One is now being restored and the other, *Kittiwake*, has already been turned into a stunningly restored boat by the new owner for only a few hundred pounds.

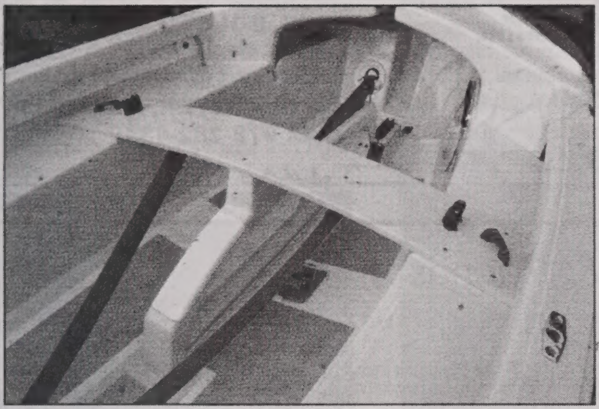
One of the things I especially like about the Gull is its ability to be sailed to windward without its foresail. When the wind pipes up the first thing to do is furl the jib. This can be done in a split second to reduce sail area and power, thus instantly reducing the likelihood of a knock-down. I tried this with my Heron dinghy once and it didn't sail to windward nearly as well. If you should happen to capsize the Gull you will see that she has a tendency to invert quickly. Many of the boats came with a pocket in the top of the mainsail where one may fit a floatation device to prevent this from occurring. The big orange thing that came with Anglo Marine boats is, in my humble opinion, excessive and probably ruins the shape of the sail in the top 2ft.

I have found that a small and discreet piece of waterproof foam about 1in thick is more than adequate to prevent inversion. (Please don't slap me with a lawsuit if your Gull inverts with this. It is just what I have found to work for me.)

A helpful tip: if you have an old discarded buoyancy aid, cut it open and remove the foam from the back piece. This will give about 30N of buoyancy which works perfectly and fits nicely into the pocket. I once capsized *Aurora* on Windermere when my mainsheet jammed in strong winds. The sail was reefed and the position of the float therefore, was much further down the mast reducing the leverage effect significantly. But still the boat did not turn turtle.

Righting the Gull is simple, assuming the mast is not stuck in the mud at the bottom of a lake, but again, this won't happen if buoyancy is used. Some people do find it hard to climb back inside the boat but a simple strop attached inboard normally solves this. I have never had a problem getting back on board.

Rowing the Gull is possible but not ideal. With a 5ft beam she is a wide boat with a shallow hull, but I once rowed her home from Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, to Lepe where the wind filled in to take me



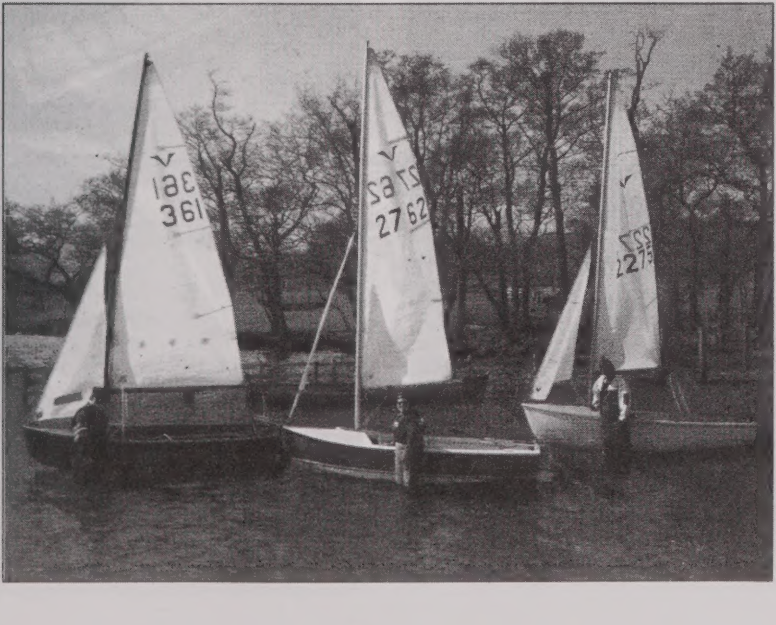
The clean interior

back to Bucklers Hard and I rather enjoyed the experience. I use a pair of wooden 6ft 6ins oars (probably not the ideal size) that are joined midway allowing them to be split in two and stored under the foredeck where they are secured with a bungee. The boat was supplied with 6ft 6ins one-piece oars that simply did not fit inside! I've never used an outboard with the Gull as I hate the thought of carrying something so heavy and bulky on a small boat that I'm unlikely to use often enough. All Anglo Marine boats however, came with an outboard bracket fitted as standard and the locker was specifically designed to accommodate a Suzuki 2hp 2-stroke engine.

I've not yet slept aboard her but I know those who have and it is quite possible. If people have managed to camp on a 10ft 10ins Mirror dinghy then an 11ft 6ins Gull can only be a step in the right direction. I believe Margaret Dye gives tips on how to do this in her book.

So there you have it. The Gull is an instant cruising boat, simple to rig, launch and sail by oneself or with a crew and it is capable of sailing in stronger conditions than its dimensions would suggest. My boat came ready to cruise with furling jib and reefing mainsail, rowlocks and oars. When I set out to sea I simply stick my anchor in the boat and all the other necessary kit is either ready at hand or stored safely in the watertight aft locker. I have an excellent West Mersea 10ins-wheeled combi trailer that was supplied with the boat and this has done thousands of miles, towing the boat to the Norfolk Broads, the Lake District, the South Coast and many other places. Fully laden with cruising gear she is light enough to be pulled back up most launch ramps with ease.

(Below) Gull Mk I, Gull 'Spirit' & Gull Mk III



I remember the moment that sailing the Gull and dinghy sailing in general seemed to make perfect sense. After a year of owning a 21ft cruiser and enduring mooring fees and all the other costs involved in such an enterprise, I decided to celebrate the return to dinghy sailing with a fortnight's holiday in the Lake District. On a breezy day I was beating towards my favourite picnic spot on Ullswater. Hiking out hard, I felt snug in my drysuit as the rain started to fall and the small steep Lakeland waves made the boat skip along to windward. From my position perched on the port gunnel I could scan the boat's trim with one quick glance from bow to stern. Looking down under the foredeck I could see my sandwiches and a flask of hot coffee waiting for me as a small reward for a safely-made passage. Although I've had quite a collection of other boats. The Gull has always and will always be the only 'perfect' boat for me. *CA*

Restored Mk I

Gull Dinghy Specifications:

LOA 3.35m (11ft 4ins)

Beam 1.44m (4ft 9ins)

Draft 0.91m (3ft) (with centreboard down)

Hull weight 88kg (190lb)

Mainsail area 5.12 sq m (55.1 sq ft)

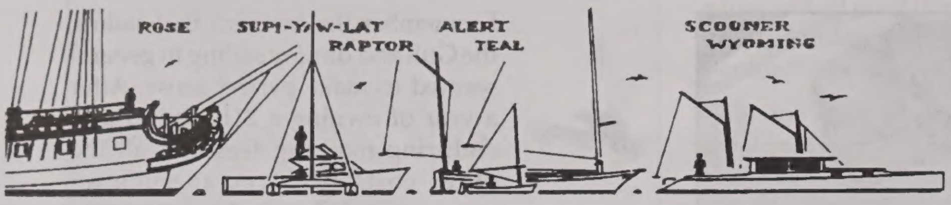
Jib 1.67 sq m (18.0 sq ft)

Spinnaker 5.57 sq m (60 sq ft)

PY 1361

For more information on the Gull you may contact me by email: ***chrisabela@hotmail.co.uk***

For Gull information online visit the Gull blog – ***www.gulldinghysailing.blogspot.co.uk***



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GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design # 681: 39'1"x 7'5" x 12" x 225hp
Fourteenth in a Series of Articles
(January, 2013)

This project has used four primary materials to build the hull and superstructure: marine-grade plywood for primary structure, boat-building-specific epoxy for bonding and surface sealing, fiberglass cloth and tape for local reinforcement and large area surface coverage, often in multiple layers to add abrasion resistance and further strength, and always bedded in epoxy and finally foam board for a number of low-stress purposes.

The latter used here is the home center typical baby blue stuff that comes in several thicknesses, and is of the closed-cell type for which the high volume manufacturer claims highest degrees of resistance against water absorption. It is not dirt cheap stuff but can be cut easily with sharp knife or a jigsaw, will glue nicely with many construction adhesives via a cartridge type ratchet action glue-gun, and of course pricey epoxy, since cheaper polyester resin will eat the stuff. And this foam board, while being quite stiff, weighs next to nothing. So, if plywood is understood to be the primary structural material, this foam board seems quite useful for a range of purposes on this project.

Of course, there is a broad range of opinions on doing plywood boat structures with all typically backed by certain experiences:

There are those who state that plywood construction should not use fiberglass on the outside, certain paints, stains or oils only and no surface sealant on the inside.

There are those who state that plywood construction should indeed use fiberglass on the outside for enhanced abrasion resistance and strength across joints and as a good basis for paint or varnish, but with the hull structure never to be coated on the inside to allow the wood to breath. Some prefer the latter but paint the insides.

And then there are those who see plywood as just another type of lamination whether in its own factory thickness or added to by one or several glued on additional layers, with fiberglass and epoxy added on the outside and at least epoxy and even other impervious materials added on the hull shell's inside surface, with thus a variety of lamination-materials coming within reach.

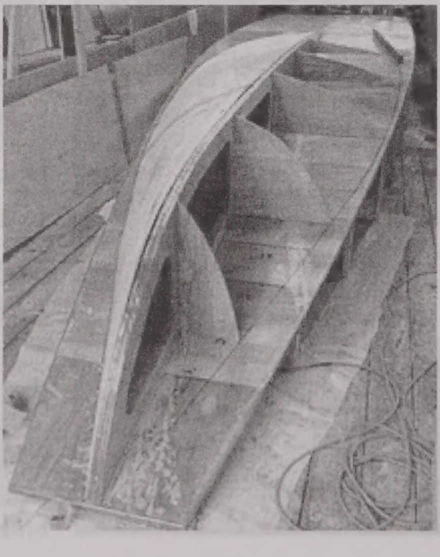
We all have heard, seen and likely sooner or later got to curse rotten plywood in boats, all the way to finding a de facto terminally weakened structure that won't even burn... And we all can quote the most sincerely documented evidence for our particular perspective. What helps is talking to professional boat builders, consulting epoxy manuals, learning about long lived plywood/coldmolded hulls in commercial use across all climate zones, etc.

With that in mind, for this project I decided to base everything on the fairly well established plywood/epoxy practices and thus on the assumption that every plywood surface would be coated with at least epoxy, often with the addition of fiberglass, and here indeed a fair amount of closed cell foam inside non-water-immersed applications essentially dry more or less for good. With this decision made, a number of locations on this emerging structure saw the integration of closed cell foam board:

Picture #1 shows how the flat rooftop assembly became stiffer by skinning its framing with thin plywood top and bottom and the voids between filled with epoxy-bonded 2" foam board, with incidentally a fair bit of hard buoyancy built into that roof laminate only useful perhaps upon inversion of the craft... This glassed over sandwich should resist jumps from reasonable heights onto that roof and there should be no condensation dripping from under the foam core.

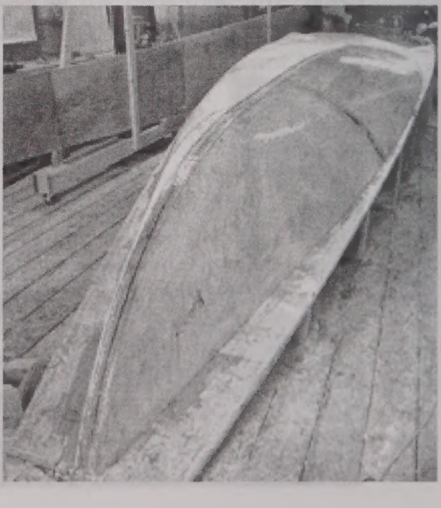
Picture #1

Pictures #2 through #5 shows us filling the void in the vee-nose forefoot of her hull with foam pieces in an extraordinarily tedious and foam-crumbs-dirty episode of rough cutting, fitting, fairing, epoxying, and spray in foam filling of irregularities, with all covered by the first plywood skin, more spray in foam through various holes, and the next days two additional ply layers set in epoxy and surfaced with multiples of glass cloth. Should she run into rocks, that long crushable nose should keep much primary damage confined below her hull bottom plate above it. She might not even take on any water inside her crew volumes, but serious damage will ruin the water flow for go-fast get home aspirations Perhaps slow but likely dry would be the motto...

Picture #2


Picture #3

Picture #4

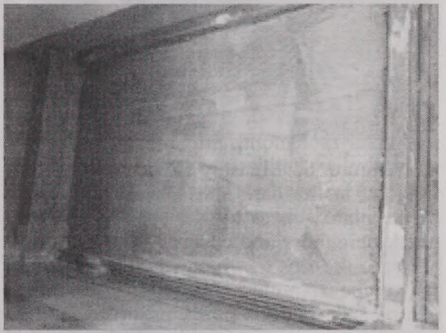
Picture #5


Picture #6 shows a way simpler ply-foam-ply-glass cloth lamination of the cuddy roof, with left side featuring a battery's weight to mildly pressure the epoxy gluing process of the foam on top of the thin ply installed and frame earlier below. As with the roof, the result is a reasonably stiff and light surface fit for walking on.

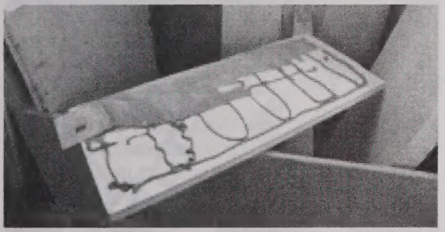
Picture #6

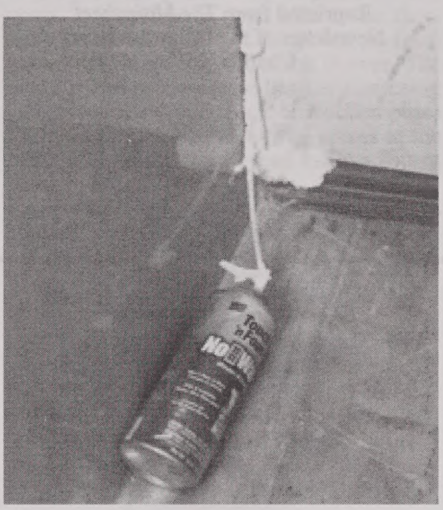
Pictures #7 through #11 show using several layers of foam glued to the inside of her topsides as a significant buoyancy belt from forward amidships to her transom. But this time construction adhesive was used between foam and foam, and foam and epoxied ply surfaces, including the 1/4" inside hard ply face over the softer foam face.

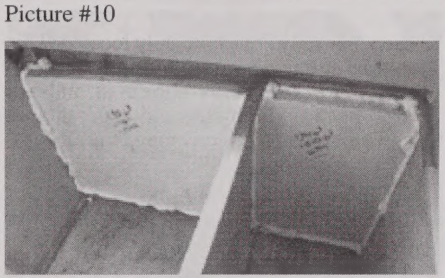
PL Premium
Polyurethane
LOCTITE
PL
Picture #7


Picture #8

Picture #9

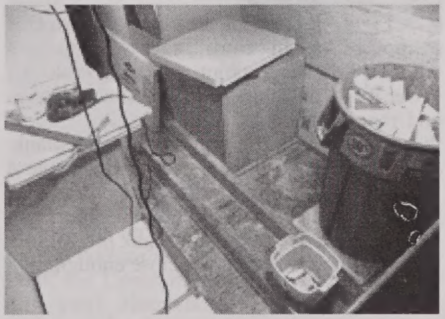


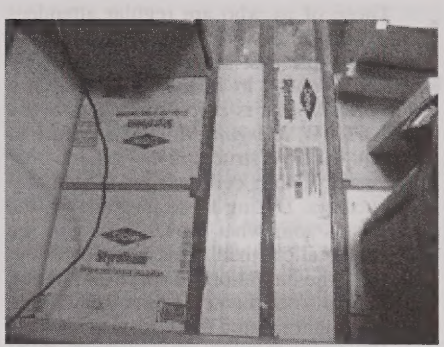

Picture #10


Picture #11

Pictures #12 and #13 feature the voids under her aft cockpit sole filled with foam, obviously in the wrong place for primary buoyancy, but quite plausible in conjunction with her topsides buoyancy belt and the location of heavier-than-water outboard and batteries.

Picture #12




Picture #13

Picture #14

Picture #14 uses a fair amount of the void volume under the outboard's slop well to add buoyancy, leaving room in the middle for any trim ballast as various uses throughout her lifetime might add more weight forward that would need compensating for.

With the knowledge of wood/epoxy/fiberglass mega-yachts or naval minesweepers of a range of modern navies surviving across all sorts of duty cycles and climate conditions with their massive laminations, the assumption and some hope here is that without exposed uncoated plywood, rot is much reduced in its potential occurrence. And with a policy of double+ply skinning all structural hull panels with various laminate external and internal epoxy barriers against water intrusion and rot spore growth, the odds seem good for this selectively foam cored but always epoxy & plywood based assembly to perhaps accompany me throughout much of the rest of my life; I'd rather not have her to come to haunt me... In the final analysis, should she suffer a massive hull-breach due to whatever cause, one major interest here is that between her wooden structure and all that foam her hard built-in positive buoyancy should make her very hard to sink.

"So, will she ever get done?!" "Likely…"

Replanking the *Charles W. Morgan*

By Mike Bill
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

RESTORATION VOYAGE
2008 - 2011
Charles W. Morgan

Those of us who are regular attendees to the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport during the past several years have had a chance to check in on the thorough restoration process that is currently underway on the *Charles W. Morgan*. Most of the work to this point has been structural work in the interior; futtocks (ribs), ceilings, and other internal structures. During these past shows, the display was somewhat static. We could see where restorations had been completed, but because of the limitations of space and safety, we could only see the net results, and not the techniques that created those results.

This year though, was a much more active display, with planking in full swing. During the course of the show, planks were hung by crews of museum shipwrights and volunteers (including show attendees). The techniques were really quite effective and low-tech; mostly based on coaxing the wood into place. The following pictures provide a true appreciation of the craftwork involved, perhaps suggesting how to adapt these same skills to our projects.

Figure 1

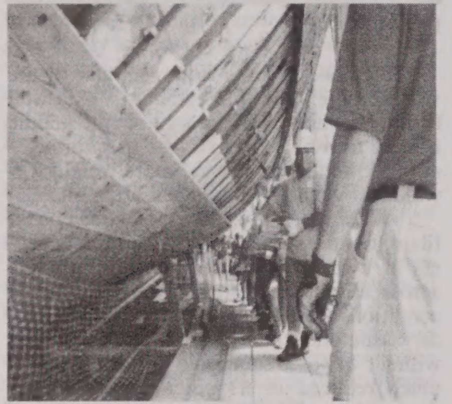


Figure 1, Steaming and Delivering the Plank: The plank (either yellow pine like its neighbors, or white oak, perhaps selected for installation along the waterline), nominally 3" thick by 10" wide by approximately 24' long, is pulled from the steambox (not pictured) after about 2 hours of steam. As can be seen, the 14-odd volunteers (try counting shoes or gloves) carried the plank around to the starboard scaffolding. In anticipation of its delivery, a series of steel rings had been threaded into holes in lower planking, spaced evenly along the plank below the planned destination. Likewise, above the destination, rings and ropes can also be seen. These come into play, too.

Figure 2

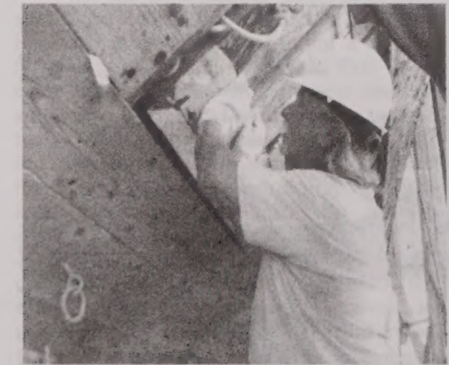


Figure 2, Lifting into Place: The plank is muscled into place by 14 shoulders. As can be seen, it is only approximately located. This is not like siding a house. The plank needs to bend to follow the curves of the boat, and will need to bend on both side and edge, and be driven up to match up to is neighbor aft.

Figure 3

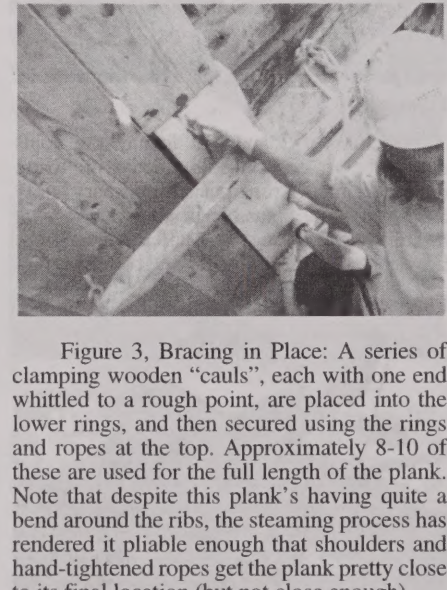


Figure 3, Bracing in Place: A series of clamping wooden "cauls", each with one end whittled to a rough point, are placed into the lower rings, and then secured using the rings and ropes at the top. Approximately 8-10 of these are used for the full length of the plank. Note that despite this plank's having quite a bend around the ribs, the steaming process has rendered it pliable enough that shoulders and hand-tightened ropes get the plank pretty close to its final location (but not close enough).

Figure 4

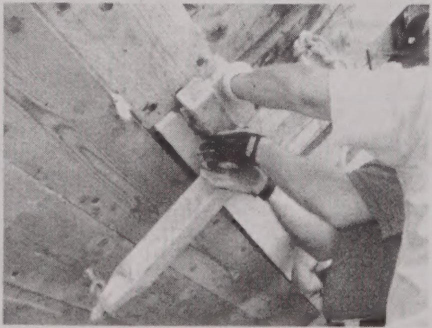


Figure 4, Wedging It In: Using a series of paired oak wedges, the plank is driven up close to the ribs. The plank is also driven with a sledge at the open end (other end of the plank) to close the end seam. These seams are nominally 1/8" to 3/16" all around, to permit caulking to be installed. Some can already be seen protruding from lower planking seams.

Figure 5

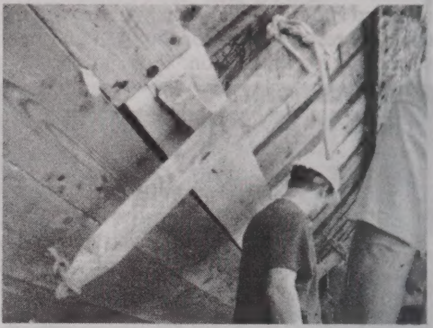


Figure 5, Close: The plank is close to its final placement, but it needs to be moved down next to the lower plank, to achieve that 1/8" gap. The plank is still hot to the touch; we're only about 5 minutes into the process.

Figure 6

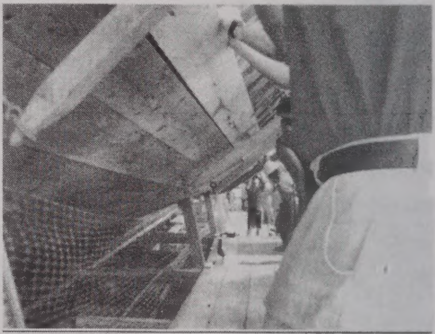


Figure 6, Measure Twice: The shipwrights, in the dark shirts, walk the length of the plank, checking the spacing between plank neighbors and ensuring that the plank is flat to the ribs to which it will be secured. All of the clamping cauls lining this plank can be seen. At this point, most of the crew can move to other tasks, like placing another plank in the steam box.

Figure 7

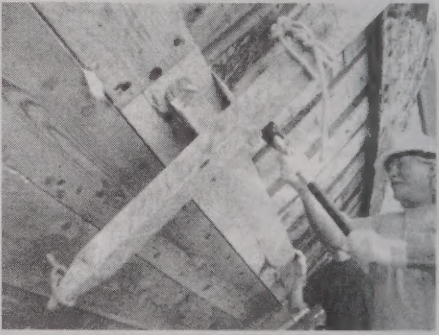


Figure 7, Driving into Place: A 1" diameter hole is drilled about 5" deep into a rib immediately above the plank, and a 1" steel pin, about 18" long, is loosely driven into the hole. Another wedge is then driven in between the pin and plank, forcing the plank down into place. The pin can be seen directly in front of the sledgehammer head, and the new wedge in place behind the caul. The plank is neatly in place.

Figure 8

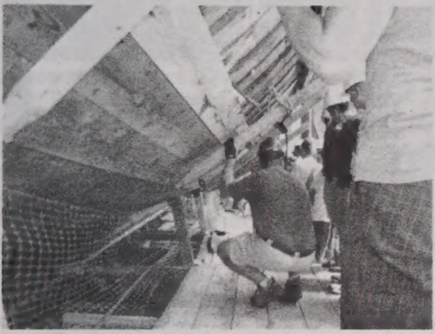


Figure 8, One Last Inspection: Another pin and wedge has been placed further down the plank, again to bend the plank to the proper distance to its neighbor. Since most of the previous planks were in place for 170 years, it would be a good idea to be thorough for the next 170! At this point, the frantic activity of placing the plank is over. The plank will now be secured to the ribs using locust trunnels ("treenails", or wooden pegs) for most of its length, and iron spikes at the plank ends (these can be seen in the adjacent plank in Figure 7).

In full production mode, planking is applied often to both sides of the boat simultaneously, to ensure that the boat stays balanced in the ways, and ensure that the keel and other structures are not drawn to one side by the application of too many planks. Everyone helps lift the planks into place, but once secured by wedges and cauls, the caulkers and "nailers" go back to their assigned tasks.

To me, the scale of this process was fascinating. The techniques are recognizable for us small craft builders; but the tools are larger! Next year should find the *Morgan* substantially re-assembled, with much finish work underway, in anticipation of her July, 2013 re-launch.

The East End Classic Boat Society

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(631)324-2490

By Ray Hartjen

News from the Boat Shop

In addition to building a raffle boat each year, our members are busy at work restoring a Herreshoff 12½ and maintaining other boats in our fleet.

Pierce Hance and Robert Vossen are here contemplating what other items must be removed before the rebuilding will begin. Immediately after this photo was taken the crew removed the stem, which will soon be replaced with a new one, steamed to correspond to the shape of the original.

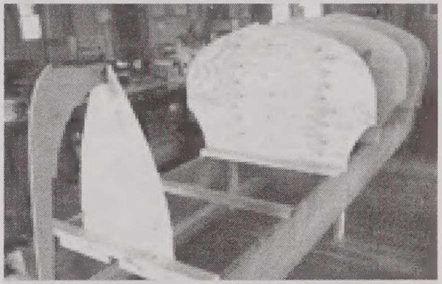
Jim Ritter, Ron Ahlers and Robert Vossen hard at the task of wrestling the new stem into position within moments of it leaving the steam box.

Richie Davgin and Nick Stephens are undertaking the repair of a plank that had split on the bottom of the Classic Boat Society's boat, the *Constant*, which is a replica of an 11' yawl Herreshoff designed for his own yacht, *Columbia*.

The Next Raffle Boat

Next year's raffle boat is the Goeller Dinghy and mid fall saw us undertaking the detailed process of lofting her lines.

Burt Van Deusen and Don Schreiber are here working out some of the finer details. Other members lent a hand, including myself, but none showed a finer skill at mastering the complex three-dimensional representation of our new boat in two dimensions than Burt. He has a talent for working in different dimensions.



Halfway through November we had all of the molds cut,and patterns for the stem, transom and stern knee. The keel and keelson will be taken out of recently fallen white oaks, thanks to Hurricane Sandy.

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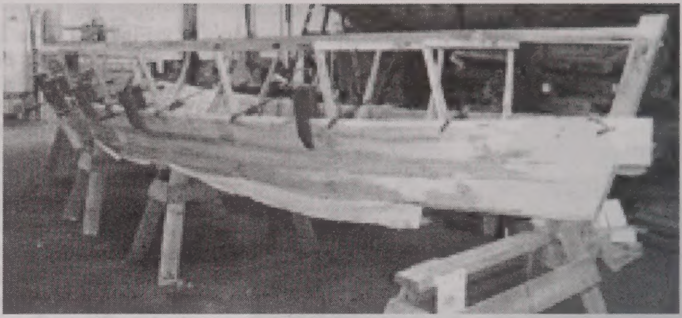
Shop overview.



One of two 1812 bateaus under construction.

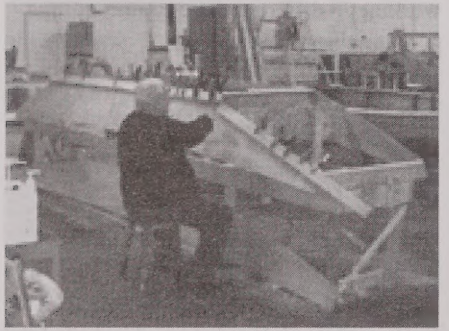
Buffalo Maritime Center Winter Projects

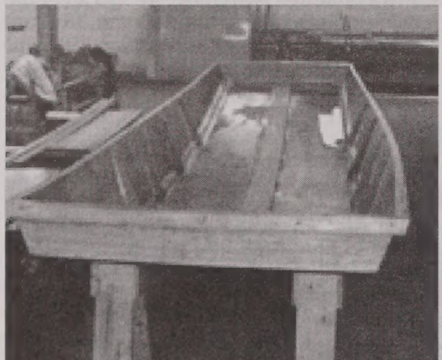
By Greg Grundtisch
grundy@fantasiadesign.com.

The buffalo Maritime Center is up and running at full speed this year after last winter's building rehab project. The classroom and shop are complete, and there are ongoing building renovations, but classes and boat building are in full swing.

This winter the Center is building two more c.1812 Bateaus for next year's War of 1812 Commemorative Programs in Buffalo. One is almost complete and the other will have begun by the time this is in print.

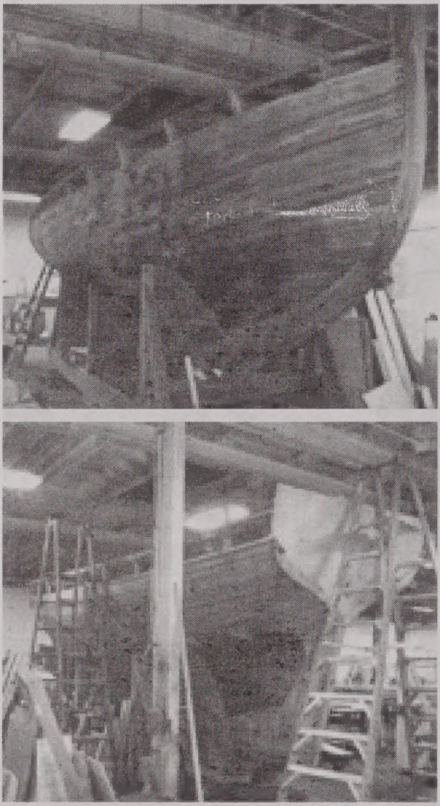
There are also a couple of Weekend Skiffs to be built, and three Buffalo River Ferries. River Ferries, or taxis as some call them, are barge or scow type double enders that were used to transport people and products from ship to shore and vice versa, on the Buffalo River. This is where the Central Wharf and terminus of the Erie Canal is located, where lake schooners and packet boats and others would load and unload in Buffalo, NY. These boats were designed to be propelled by a sculling oar, and can be sculled from either end as the boat is symmetrical. This was once a very common workboat and somewhat unique to the area.





Buffalo River Ferry under construction.

Another winter project for the Maritime Center is a Bristol Pilot Cutter. This cutter was donated to the Center by a man who started to build it a decade ago, but couldn't complete it. The Maritime Center has plans to convert it to a Sloop of War, of the War of 1812 era. This is also to be used in the bicentennial events this summer of 2013.



Bristol Pilot Cutter to be 1812 Sloop of War.

There are several other winter boat building projects of various sizes and designs that are under construction by members of the Buffalo Maritime Center. It is a good time to stop by and have a look at all that is happening. You can also get some good building tips or ideas. The members and staff will be glad to give a tour of the facility, answer questions, or give you sage advice.

If you are interested, you can volunteer to work on some of the boats I mentioned, work on the new building, rent space (cheap), to work on your own boat, or take classes on various boatbuilding and boat related topics. I took the boat carpentry class, it was very well presented and instructed by the Center's Director, Roger Allen; and the class and I had a great time. Oh yeah, we learned a lot too. Getting anything through my thick cocoanut is no easy task, and the result for me is a testament to Roger Allen's superior teaching skills.

You can contact the Center or Roger Allen by googling Buffalo Maritime Center. The phone numbers and mailing address are there, along with the dates and times of the classes coming up this winter and spring. Or stop in Tuesday thru Saturday from 9:00am to 4:30pm at 190 Arthur St. Buffalo, NY. Directions to the Center are on the web site as well. The shop and classroom have plenty of heat too. Let it snow!

…and My Own Winter Projects

By Greg Grundtisch
grundy@fantasiadesign.com.

A Peapod

When I read in an earlier issue an invitation to tell about our winter projects we are undertaking this season, I was more than happy to submit my projects.

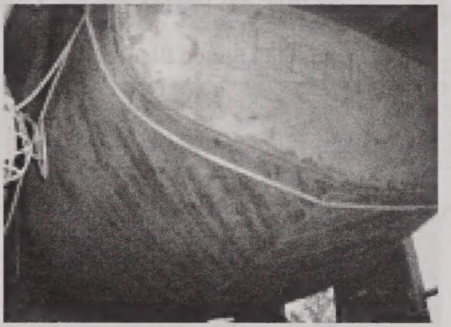
Several years ago I purchased a fiberglass peapod on a Trailex trailer from a man that had it listed it in *Messing About's* classified pages. I wanted the Trailex trailer for another boat I had restored, and the peapod was a bonus. Originally the peapod was thought to be a Highliner Peapod, and I submitted a report of that finding several years ago.

As it turns out, it does not appear to be a Highliner after all. It is a little too wide and too short to fit the Highliner dimensions; and it seems to be lacking a hull number. I was told that the number should be at the stern on the starboard side near the rail. No numbers can be found anywhere on the boat. I was further advised that the peapod likely is a kit sold as a bare hull and finished out by the owner. Still not 100% sure what it is.

Whatever the brand name of this boat may be, the project this winter is to install positive flotation fore and aft, and around the slot for the dagger board, add seats at the bow and stern and seating across the middle at the dagger board slot for rowing. Also, bench seats along the sides, (similar to Phil Bolger's Sweet Pea), and new rub rails. After that I will add a skeg, rudder, tiller, dagger board, and a sail. Then finish off with a gel coat repair and paint.

The boat was originally designed to row and sail, as it has the slot for the dagger board molded into it, as well as a mast step. It had never been set up for sailing. The original owner used it only as a rowboat. In that regard, it has a set of very hefty oars that are in decent shape, and need only sanding and a few layers of sealer and varnish. If anyone has any information about the manufacturer or brand name of this boat, or any information at all, please send it to grundy@fantasiadesign.com. I would like to know as much as I can about this little boat.

A Tomcat

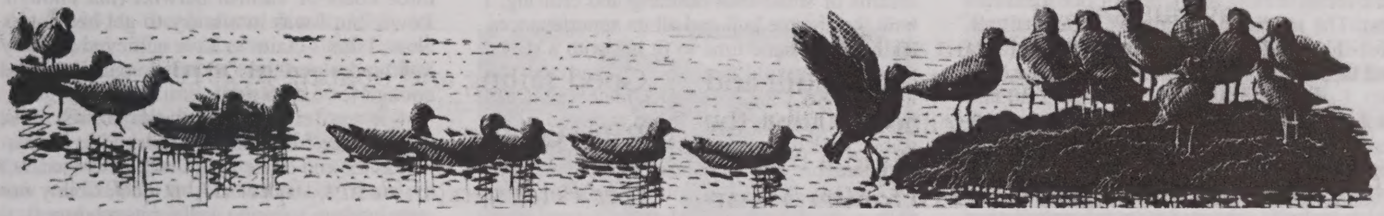


The peapod should be very close to completion by the time ya'll read this, and I'll likely have started on the next winter project, a Tomcat catboat, designed by William Garden. He took a Beetle Cat and redesigned it. He added a bit more freeboard, inside seats, (Beetle Cats have no seats; one sits on the floorboards), and a small storage cuddy. It is two fathoms long by one fathom wide and a half fathom deep, to use Mr. Garden's description, and a little more shippy than a Beetle Cat.

What I actually have is a Tomcat bare hull. I acquired it from the WoodenBoat School several years ago. The hull is cold molded with layers of cedar. They built this hull to teach the cold molding building method to the students. It has been hanging in the shop rafters waiting for its turn to be attended to. It looks like this is the year, finally.

Tomcats are pretty little catboats that look a lot like scaled down Cape Cod catboats. I can't wait to get started on this. Google the Making of Tomcat, or Tomcat Catboat, and you will find an online sample of the book that explains how the design was developed and some of the building plans as well. It is an interesting book even if you don't want to build a Tomcat. There are also web photos of Tomcats that have been completed and a few under construction. There are also a couple web sites that have a beginning to end photo gallery of the building stages.

I'm so glad winter is here and we can build boats and shovel snow. Fun stuff!



My Favorite Adhesives & Sealants

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats

Adhesives

Epoxy

Epoxy is probably the best choice for an all purpose waterproof boat building adhesive. It has extremely high strength and is gap filling, making it especially useful for joints where perfect wood-to-wood contact isn't guaranteed, such as the scarf joints in plywood panels and lapstrake planking. There are dozens of different epoxies available. Some are more water resistant than others, some are quicker curing or cure at lower temperatures and some are thinner for better penetration. The list of formulations is long, so take the time to do a little research to select the one that best fits your application.

Note: There are some health risks associated with epoxy, including skin sensitization resulting from repeated contact. When working with epoxy (and all adhesives), it is extremely important to heed all product warnings, work neatly, wear proper protective gear and provide adequate ventilation.

Resorcinol

Resorcinol is completely waterproof and has been used in the boat building industry for a long time, but it is extremely finicky to work with. It demands careful joint preparation, correct working temperature and firm clamping pressure until the joint cures or it can fail.

Plastic Resin Glue

Where the glue joints are accurate wood-to-wood fits, plastic resin glue (commonly known by its trade name Weldwood) is a time tested favorite. It is relatively inexpensive, easy to work with, is mixed with, and cleans up with, water and is strong and durable. Although highly water resistant under normal conditions, it should be used only in areas that aren't subject to continuous immersion.

Titebond III

This is a relatively new product that can be used in place of plastic resin glue for many applications. It is a one-part, water cleanup wood glue that is proven to be waterproof, but for boats should it always be used in combination with mechanical fasteners.

Sealants & Bedding Compounds

The boat builder's universal rule of thumb is; if putting two pieces of wood together they must either be glued or have a non hardening goop between them to exclude moisture, which can cause rot. Modern chemistry has brought us many products to perform this task. Products can be selected with greater or lesser degrees of adhesion, durability, resistance to water and solvents, flexibility, joint movement limits, rate of cure, compatibility with your wood, paintability, etc, etc, etc. There are as many sealants available as there are applications for their use, so read the manufacturer's guidelines on the labels to help you make the right selection. As a rule, avoid household grade caulks since they just aren't formulated to hold up in the marine environment. Here are some proven sealants for wooden boat building:

Polysulfide

Polysulfide has been proven suitable for virtually all applications in wooden boat construction from deck seams to caulking, sealing and bedding. It has good adhesive properties but is not so tenacious that parts can't be separated for repair and maintenance.

Polyurethane

This is the bulldog of sealants and is often used for structural bonding since it is nearly impossible to separate parts bonded with it. It has great strength and long life but is best used in bedding parts that will never need to be separated.

Oil-Based

Often called boatyard bedding compound, this stuff harkens back to the olden days before the wonder goops of modern chemistry. It is usually a simple linseed oil-based compound with almost no adhesive qualities, but it is inexpensive, user friendly and does a good job of bedding parts and filling hull planking seams. Its lack of adhesiveness can actually be an asset if bedding things that need to eventually be removed. Its main disadvantage is it dries out over time, but sealing the joint first with paint can greatly extend the life.

Note: With all bedding compounds, you need to apply enough in the joint so when the members are fastened there is some "squeeze out" along the entire joint.

Safety

When using any adhesive, sealant, finishing product or other boatyard product, be absolutely sure to read and strictly follow all instructions, warnings and recommended protective clothing and respirator guidelines. When in doubt, call the manufacturer or distributor and ask questions specific to your intended application.

A Spruce Tree For a Mast

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Building Jackrabbit, a small crab skiff designed by Doug Hylan which I intended to use as a camp cruiser, should have been a fairly straightforward undertaking. However, I had complicated the process by improvising sealed chambers fore and aft for buoyancy in case of a hard chance, along with side decks and coamings for security and comfort. This added several months to the build (tempered by the usual incursions of life), and as the process drew nearer to its end so did my patience, and I became very eager to get the job done and wet her bottom at least once before winter set in. Problem was, I didn't have a mast, and the thought of laminating yet more wood and rounding it weighed heavily…

Several years ago I lived on a small acreage in Eastern Ontario and found my tree one winter day while cross country skiing through a small spruce grove behind the house. She was straight as an arrow, and while I always look at any spruce or white pine plantation with an eye for ships masts (a rather idle fancy on my part, as I've no notion of ever building a ship) I thought this one particularly suitable for a small open boat that I hoped to build some day (back then I was thinking along the lines of a rustic bateau that could be used to take a bunch of kids on an overnight float down one of our local rivers). The tree in question was about 20' tall, probably 7"-8" inches in diameter at the base and tapering none-too-finely toward the top.

I ran home to get my chainsaw, cut and limbed her, and dragged the gummy pole through the snow feeling ever like an old time boatwright emerging from the woods with his prize. Then I barked the tree using an old draw knife inherited from my grandfather (pretty easy work on a green log), and tied it to the bottom of the rafters in my (unheated) garage. And there it stayed for about three years, forgotten in the turmoil of life, including a divorce during which I walked away with my tools, a small stash of lumber and (strangely enough) my tree!

Enter a new life, mate and home, and things began falling back into place with a renewed optimism attended by rekindled dreams of small boat building and cruising. I built the sharpie hull and all its appurtenances, and when it came time to fit her with a stick I thought of my old tree. So well-seasoned was it that the 16' long log seemed feather light as I fetched it from the shed. It had acquired a long spiral check during the drying process, but I had faith that this would not be a major weakness.

In any event, I reasoned that a solid tree with a check and its God-given natural resilience would be stronger than a laminated thing. It had knots to be sure, the unavoidable consequence of a former life, but these were tight and of no concern. Placing my tree on a pair of saw horses I proceeded to pare it down using an electric plane, followed by hand planing until I achieved an approximately 3.5" diameter at the partners, and a nice taper near the top of the final 13' length required for the skiff's mast.

This was all done with nought but an astigmatic eye as spar gauge. To finish rounding I cut an 80-grit sanding belt into a 3'-something linear strap, clamped two small wooden blocks to each end with vise grips, and using the latter as handles pulled it over the mast, grit to wood, working back-and-forth along its length (with mast held fast by my wife gracefully perched over one end). It was a good workout, and very effective for smoothing and rounding in short order. No complicated power tool setup required.

I filled the spiral crack with Premium PL polyurethane adhesive (I was getting tired of working epoxy, and felt the cured polyurethane's inherent flexibility would be an asset when the wood started to breathe in its new life). Then epoxy-coated the heel (to consolidate the end grain and protect it from moisture ingress in use), followed by an application of white enamel paint on the ends and three coats of varnish betwixt (not enough, I own, but I was in a hurry to get her done). Now, I don't claim to have achieved a classy look and a perfectly rounded spar, but good enough for a crab skiff.

It was very gusty on the day of sea trials, and with the full main up I watched in fascination as the end of the mast bent to the wind, not too much, you understand, but the flexibility was quite evident, auguring well for its robustness.

And that's how I did it.

My Little Orphan

A Winter Project

By Don Dill

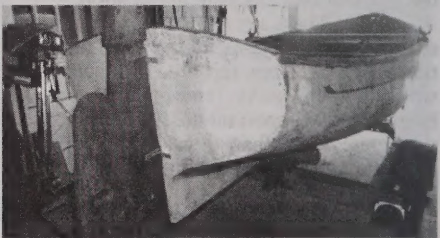
I was at a small boatyard on the coast of Maine. Really, it was a trailer parking area for a few local lobstermen and a private boat ramp. It had become, as is common, a sort of island of misfit boats. I was looking for a small daysailer for my friend Ed and indeed found an old O'Day Widgeon there and was inspecting it when my wife called me over to look at something. She had come along, not because she was particularly interested in the boats, but because she loves me and love covers a multitude of sins.

When I looked up she pointed off into the woods and said, "what about that one?" What she was pointing out to me was a small stand of pine trees at the edge of the lot. Nearly hidden among them was the unmistakable shape of a wineglass transom. My heart jumped. My mind immediately moved from the daysailer I had found for Ed to a potential next project for myself. As we approached, I could see it had been there quite some time. The gunnels were buried in the forest floor and the paint was more of the green/gray color of moss seen on the sides of trees for, indeed, it was moss growing on the hull. Pine boughs lay across it and it was so surrounded that the trees must have grown up around her.

At this point the initial excitement was quickly fading. A wooden boat in this situation would probably be at best a total rebuild if there was enough left to use as patterns. The keel was bare oak and badly rotted, but to my surprise, as I brushed away the layers of pine needles I found the hull was molded fiberglass. My interest again was piqued. We were able to lift one side out of the dirt. What once were oak gunnels started to disintergrate leaving only the copper rivets in place. As I stuck my head under the edge, I was again surprized to see oak seats and centerboard cap bare and worn, but they seemed to be solid. The woodwork was above average with accent trim and near invisible fastener plugs. I found the rudder and tiller both made of oak and fastened with copper rivets in good enough condition to use as patterns. I had decided this was my next project. Hopefully the current owner would agree.

I spoke to my good friend Chris, whose family owned the yard. He didn't know who owned it, but he would look into it for me. It took nearly two weeks to get the whole story straight. She had been salvaged at sea after a storm by a local fisherman over a decade earlier and had been resting in the trailer lot ever since. When I returned to pick up the Widgeon for Ed, I was given the green light to "rescue" the tender from the woods. As she emerged from her pine prison and into the sunlight the hull got scarier as excessive flaking now showed, but her traditional lines also were illuminated and outshone the condition, at least for the moment.

The Widgeon was gracious enough to share the flatbed trailer with her for the three-hour trip home. I dropped the Widgeon off at Ed's house and continued home. As the sun was going down, I backed her into the shop. She seemed to be a little straighter, almost a little happier. Welcome to your new home my little orphan. Welcome home.



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Free to a Good Home
1926 Northeast Harbor A-Boat

In 1911 the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts, commissioned Edwin A. Boardman to design a one-design racing sailboat similar to the Dark Harbor $17^{1}/_{2}$. The result was the oak framed and cypress planked EYC 17' gaff rigged sloop Knockabout. The boat had a 17' waterline and was 27'6" overall with a 7'3"beam, 4' draft and carried 368sf of sail. George Lawley and Son built the first fleet of 25 boats in their Neponset, Massachusetts, boatyard, reportedly at a cost of $500-$700 per boat.

After racing off Marblehead in 1912 and 1913, first several, and then in subsequent years all, of the boats were sold to summer residents of Northeast Harbor on Mt Desert Island off the Maine coast. By 1921 these sloops were being called the Northeast Harbor A Class, with the Dark Harbor $17^{1}/_{2}$s that were their inspiration making up the "B" Class. As the popularity of the boats grew, the NEH "A "fleet was expanded in 1926 by an additional 25 boats built from the Boardman plans by Rice Brothers in East Boothbay, Maine, with one alteration. Seeking increased stability and drier sailing, it is believed that the Northeast Harbor Yacht Club that commissioned the new boats had Rice build them a bit wider in the stern than the originals.

Early One-Design Sailboats by Diana Eames Esterly (c.1979) proved to be a valuable source of the historical information for the NEH "A " Class boats above. There is a W.H. Ballard photo of this NEH A-#32, the *Don Q*, racing under sail on page 71 of the book. In addition, the boat's owner has a May 15, 1997 letter from Sturgis Haskins, Maine historian and expert in the various classes of New England boats, in which he explains:

"My records indicate that *Don Q* was built in 1926 for George R. Clark. By 1940 her owner was listed as David W. Clark and in 1959, John R. Clark. She disappears from my records until 1978 when she lists Fred Dowalo of Topsfield, Massachusetts, as owner. I indicate that he bought her from Rockland, Maine." The boat is now located in Rhode Island.

Owner says, "1926 26' Rice Bros-built Northeast Harbor A-boat *Don Q*, A-#32, one of 50. Boat has sheer plank and garboard removed, as well as the deck and cockpit. Needs a total rebuild. Cypress on oak, cypress planking is good, oak frames need replacing. Rig and sails included. Rig needs varnish, sails probably need replacing. So I'm offering the boat for **FREE TO A GOOD HOME**. It includes four jack stands, and even some well seasoned 8/4 oak that I bought for frame stock."

Todd (401) 855-1527, todd@thesurfsidemotel.com

Free to a Capable Steward
Unfinished Brewer-Designed Egret 44' Project Ketch

Twelve years ago, after retiring from The GE Corporate Research Center in upstate New York, Dr Peter Gray began his build-your-own boat project from the custom design Egret by renowned architect Ted Brewer. It is a 44' ketch.

It had been his lifelong ambition to build and sail a boat throughout the American east coastal and Caribbean island waters, A sailor since his teen years on Long Island, his engineering skills enabled him to envision the boat needed, a sizable craft that would be stable in all conditions and have a shallow 3' draft for access to snug harbors and shoal waters along the American East Coast, Bahamas and Caribbean islands. It would have comfortable fore and aft cabins to allow two couples to live on board and plenty of book shelves for a good library. It would use an easily accessible diesel motor.

Peter contacted world renowned yacht designer Ted Brewer and asked him to design the boat. After two years of corresponding on details, Peter purchased the drawings and rights to build the Egret from Ted Brewer. At 44' in length, the build required renting a large barn in the town of Ballston, New York. He planned to launch on the New York State Barge Canal system some four miles away.

Halfway through the build, in 2007, Peter was disabled by a neurological disorder and severe fall that now confines him to a wheelchair. He and his wife Dot tried unsuccessfully to sell Egret, then offered to donate it a few maritime schools. Even though the hull is nearly complete, the biggest obstacle in these attempts was that the length of the boat and additional effort needed is beyond the means and cxapabilities of the casual hobbyist or small school. Now the Grays will be happy pass the project on to its next steward who shows interest and means to complete and enjoy Egret.

The Egret design by Ted Brewer follows after a sharpie ketch concept. For this build designer Brewer made some modifications to the design plans, Primarily, the dual fore and aft centerboards were replaced by a single centerboard as requested by Peter Gray for easier construction. The hull is made of fiberglass/polyester. Other specs are; length 44'1", LWL 39'1", beam 11'6", draft 3'0"/8'0", ballast 8,000 lbs, sail area 868sf, displacement 22,500lbs, 60 gal fuel, 110 gal water. Egret is Ted Brewer's design #201 and can be seen on his website, http://www.tedbrewer.com/sail _glass/egret,htm

Current condition of Egret: The hull is solid polyester glass. The centerboard case is completed but the board has not been installed. Quality of build is very good with control of glass/fiber ratio and no voids. It is complete but not faired or gelcoated. The decks, cockpit and cabins are SAN foam core polyester and glass. Again, quality of construction is good. There is minimal internal framing, just sufficient for construction of the decks and cabins. Bulkheads and some stringers will be required before the boat can be moved.

The Egret is **AVAILABLE FOR FREE TO A CAPABLE STEWARD**. The new owner will be responsible for preparations needed for transport and transportation from the current site. Designer Ted Brewer will provide a clean set of drawings to the new owner. Rights to build are transferable to the next owner. The current owners, Peter and Dot Gray, have some help from friends to talk, about the boat and show it to interested parties.

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BOB'S BOATS
BUILDING & REPAIR

In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

The Great Armistice Day Blizzard

In November I start packing in the adventures as fast as I can before winter arrives in force. My bride was out of town for the long Veterans Day weekend and I decided to do as much as the weather would allow. Our local weather man, my hero, said that Thursday and Friday would be acceptable weather and Saturday would be warm but stormy. I better get out on those two days anyway.

Thursday stared out fair about 40º and partly cloudy. It was a little too windy for canoeing so I donned my warm biking outfit and did a long bike ride. Twenty miles is a long ride for this old guy so I went twenty four.

The forecast for Friday was similar. It was still windier than I would have liked but I was determined to get a few canoeing miles in before the lake froze. Hey, it was snowing a hundred miles northwest of here. I had better enjoy what we have.

The weather report for Saturday was really iffy and I had my mind set on staying home and working on the new boat I'm building. The man said that it could reach 60º but that it would probably be rather crappy all day. The predictions were for thunderstorms overnight and a small chance that we might see the sun in the afternoon then more storms and possibly thunder snow. Only in Minnesota do we see thunder snow. I don't remember hearing any thunder overnight but one of the dogs was real restless and that woke me. I rolled over and looked at the clock. It was blinking at me and telling me funny time. OK the power must have gone out but I can wait 'til morning to fix the clocks.

When I finally awoke for good it was daylight and I got up and started resetting clocks. I have too many of them. I looked outside and all my motion sensor lights were on, Hey you guys are only supposed to work at night. I went out to fix them and it was warm and really sticky out. Definitely not a day to play outside. It looked like it could start raining anytime. It obviously had rained some overnight.

I fed myself and all the dogs and headed down to my shop. I have a new stripper canoe being built. I glued a strip on either side and went back upstairs to play with the dogs. They always like that and they were sad when my wife was gone. She is their whole life. I decided to take a snooze while the glue dried and I had three dogs laying on me when I woke up.

I got up again about noon and it looked slightly better. Okay, maybe I can salvage the day. Maybe I can get in a bike ride before the weather shuts down again. I went outside and there was a little bit of blue sky to the south. Maybe just maybe I should go to the lake before the thunder snow get here. I still had the canoe on the truck from yesterday, why not give it a try? Lock up the dogs and I'm out of here.

I passed The Mall Of America on my way to the lake. There were cars lined up on the freeway ramps for nearly a mile from each direction trying to get into the mall. I thought "What a way to waste a good day" A couple of minutes later I was at the lake and the sky was clearing fast.

I decided to go clockwise around the lake. There was a little wind out of the southeast and that would get me over on the east shore so I could avoid most of the wind. As I paddled I thought about the Armistice Day Blizzard of 1940. The old timers around here keep retelling stories about it. I didn't live in Minnesota at that time but to a lot of Minnesotans that was the Storm of The Century. I know, that was the last century.

It started very much on a day like this. That storm followed a 70º day. In 1940 the weather predictions were really iffy and a lot of hunters got caught out in the swamps underdressed for the weather that was coming in. A lot of people died that day.

Today I would enjoy the day as long as this weather held. I got to thinking that I should change my name. My friend Cliff Jacobson, the canoe writer, dubbed that name on me in one of his books. Here I am paddling on a lake. This is the 59th time that I have been out canoeing this year. Only two of those times were on the Mississippi. Maybe I should be called Nokomis Bob.

The weather was holding, in fact it was getting better. I was only out for a few minutes when I spotted a kayak. Yesterday I had the lake to myself. I was happy that I was not alone. Before I got halfway around the lake I got rather warm along the east shore so I landed and shed a layer. I didn't really need a wool shirt on a day like this.

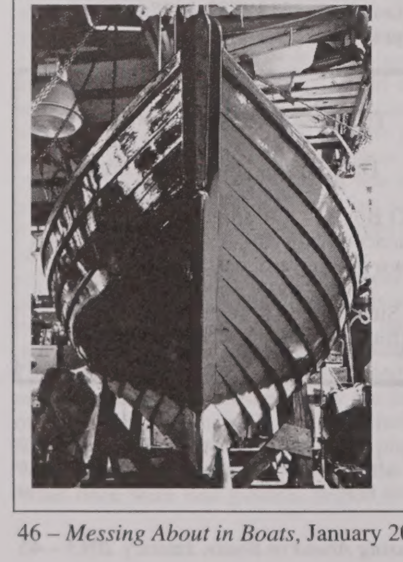
Before long I noticed a sailboat. That really surprised me as most of the sailors had their boats in storage a month ago. A young couple was out in their O'Day Sprite. Then another kayak and a standup paddle board. Soon I spotted a rowing shell and a pedal-powered kayak, then a Sunfish. I knew that guy, he bought the Sunfish in August and wanted to get his money's worth out of the season.

I landed on the beach on the east side of the lake on my second time around. The beach was closed to swimmers but it is always a popular launching place for small boats. I stop there often as they have an outdoor biffy there. I was talking to one of the kayakers when a man came down dragging two plastic kayaks that his kids jumped into and paddled around. I hadn't seen this much activity since September. The lake was getting busy.

It was just as busy on the shore. Bikers and hikers showed up in large numbers, just like it was summer again. Many were wearing shorts. It had reached 70º. A lot of folks just like me like to take advantage of that last nice day.

As I completed my second trip around the lake a few clouds appeared in the southwest, just enough to create a nice sunset. It was cooling off a lot as the sun dropped near the horizon and the wool shirt went back on.

What a nice day. Tomorrow will be Vets Day. Yes they changed the name but it is still the anniversary of one of Minnesota's worst storms. My sons and I have plans to capitalize on all the free meals that are available to us vets. We may be doing it in the thunder snow.



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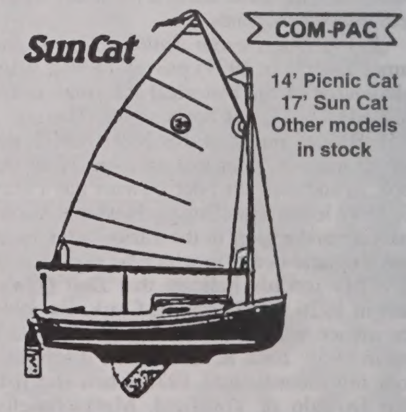

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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Director

By Eric Stockinger

For this month's newsletter, I visited with some old friends who shared their stories about their experience as students of The Apprenticeshop, both in our boat building and sailing programs. I talked with a wide range of grads from Chris Hall, who graduated with the very first group of apprentices in the early 1970s, all the way through Elizabeth Sherfy, who sailed on the RCS High School sailing team in spring of 2011 and discovered her life's passion. It is stories like these that buoy my faith in our mission and that remind me, at the end of the day (and after 40 years), that The Apprenticeshop deeply affects people's lives, shapes them and inspires them and that is worth every minute of my invested tme and energy.

And I can also speak for myself. I was introduced to The Apprenticeshop as a student in the two-year boat building apprenticeship program. During that apprenticeship I learned not just the hard skills of boat building, like lofting, planking and fitting out, but I learned a lot of soft skills, too, like how to get along with a truly diverse crew of builders, how to make that plank fit into the rabbet without someone walking me step by step through the process, how to handle a myriad of situations when I didn't know the answer to something. These soft skills served me as I took on staff positions at The Apprenticeshop and have done a world of good as I've led the organization for the past three years.

Now it is time for me to move on to my next project as I will have stepped away from The Apprenticeshop at the end of 2012. As I prepare for the next stage of my career, I rest easy knowing that those soft skills that I gained here will serve me tremendously, no matter what the next job is. In any given situation I might not know exactly what to do, but I am not mired by that thought. Building a wooden boat gave me all kinds of opportunity to get comfortable with the unknown. As I move forward there will certainly be unknown challenges that greet me but I am better prepared to face those uncertainties precisely because of my time here.

I invite everyone reading this to get a taste of The Apprenticeshop by reading through the following stories.

Wiley Todd
Co-founder at
The Valpo Surf
Project, Chile,
RCS student/
instructor
1998-2009

"I attribute much of the mission of the international program I founded to my experience with Rockland Community Sailing. One of the most powerful aspects of Rockland Community Sailing (RCS) is the mission, connecting local children with the ocean by any means possible, even if their families may not have the resources to do so. The scholarship program at RCS gave me an added sense of pride in my work. That core idea that everyone should have access to the ocean is what led me to my current endeavor, The Valpo Surf Project, a nonprofit that uses surfing instruction and academic mentoring to encourage English language skills, personal character development and environmental consciousness among underprivileged and at risk youth in Valparaiso, Chile. I founded the project with two friends and attribute much of the mission of the program, as well as my success working with our students, to my experience with RCS.

Ivy Robichaud
Chart-maker &
Contributer,
Maptech/Embassy
Cruising Guide,
Apprenticeshop
Youth Program
2000

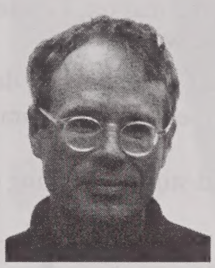
"I learned that there is an alternative to every situation. At The Apprenticeshop I got to communicate on a one-to-one basis with teachers and other apprentices. Gathering information from two or three people gave me space to try different methods and decide for myself and what works best for me. I found that I could absorb the information instead of being "force fed" facts and equations. The freedom to think on my own encouraged me to tackle problems by myself and boosted my self confidence.

I feel that The Apprenticeshop set me in motion towards where I am today. It was the first stepping stone toward crewing on tall ships, attending Maine Maritime Academy and my work with Maptech. The Apprenticeshop will be with me forever, in my problem solving, in my personality and in the calluses on my hands."

Elise Brown
Partner, Evergreen
Home Performance
Apprenticeshop
Graduate 1989

"At The Apprenticeshop I could dream anything, do anything. My experience at The Apprenticeshop gave me patience and endurance and it completely changed my life. Until that point my educational experiences had been ones where I felt things, facts, arguments were being stuffed into me. At the Shop I felt like the lid had been opened to my being. that I could dream anything, do anything. I felt freed. Building boats in a building with no heat, living the rustic lifestyle, failing and starting over, these made me comfortable with being uncomfortable, so tackling difficult pursuits no long seemed impossible.

Since that time I have delved into farming, professional firefighting, foster and adoptive parenting. All hard and all wonderful beyond belief."



Christopher Hall
Curator of Exhibits,
Maine Maritime
Museum
Apprenticeshop
Graduate 1975

"My time at the A-Shop has proven to be a watershed in my life. In the short term it fostered an intense respect for craftsmanship and functional simplicity and has continued to provide a sustaining vocational/avocational framework that has evolved through time. It is a strange but not unpleasant feeling to find myself 37-plus years later tending archival stuff from the A-Shop with pictures of an earnest bearded 21-year-old self buried within."

Elizabeth Sherfy
High School
Student
RCS High School
Sailing 2011

"I learned the more I put myself out there, the more good things came my way. If I had not done Rockland Community Sailing, I wouldn't have found my life's passion. I joined the high school sailing team in 2011 and the whole community was supportive, especially when I was fundraising to be able to participate in a semester at sea. I was able to raise the needed funds and did the semester in Spring 2012. It was an experience that changed me as a person. The Apprenticeshop helped me do the semester and it came just at the right time in my development (I know this sounds weird for me to say), I can see that it was a coming of age trip for me. I learned that the more I put myself out there the more good things came my way. I want to be a mate someday.

Our Programs

At The Apprenticeshop students learn in programs lasting anywhere from two days to two years, challenging themselves through the craft of traditional wooden boat building. Patience, problem solving skills and self reliance arise through the discipline of acquiring craftsmanship. Known throughout the world for our two-year apprenticeship, The Apprenticeshop has been launching lives and traditional wooden boats for 40 years.

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Foam Strip Plank Boatbuilding

By John Lindahl

A couple of years ago my son Ian asked me about building an A Class catamaran. Having built several of these in the past and knowing what was now on the market, I came up with a build method that would:

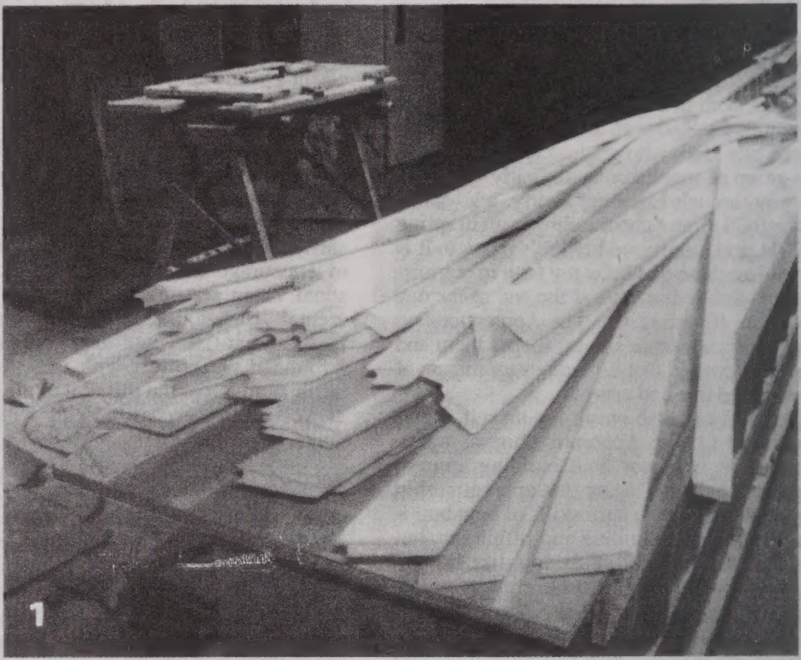
- Allow us to build a competitive design.
- Be at or under the class minimum weight of 165 lb.
- Be as strong and stiff as anything on the market.
- Be competitive in quality and price, but not get trapped in exotic equipment expense. This meant no vacuum bag, no pre-preg, no resin infusion, and no autoclave.

The basic hull build technique is the same as used in strip-plank canoe building.

This method allowed us to use an inexpensive but accurate "mold." We CNC cut a bunch of female building frames that allowed us to build a hull inside these super accurate frames. We cut a frame for every 6" of hull. I felt this many frames were necessary to keep the hull shape as accurate as possible. Only seven sheets of ½" plywood were cut to create the building frames and frame tops. The strongback was simply two 20' floor trusses. In the photos you can see I split the hull horizontally. On the next boat I will split it vertically and make the laminating process easier.

I cut the foam strips into three different widths, so hull shape would not be compromised by a too wide or too narrow strip. These strips were then bead and coved for uniform hull thickness and to ensure fairness. (We don't like to sand). A ¾"-thick foam strip was used as a centerline starter on both the deck top and hull bottom. Putting the strips in the hull frames was fun because we could see the hull take form and it only took a couple hours to "lay it up."

The foam shell needed to be lighted sanded and sheathed in carbon. We sanded the inside first since our frames were female. The excess foam was trimmed flush to our building jig and a shiplap add-on was installed on the deck half building jig. This allowed the inner carbon skin to extend past the join line and form a doubler at the hull joint.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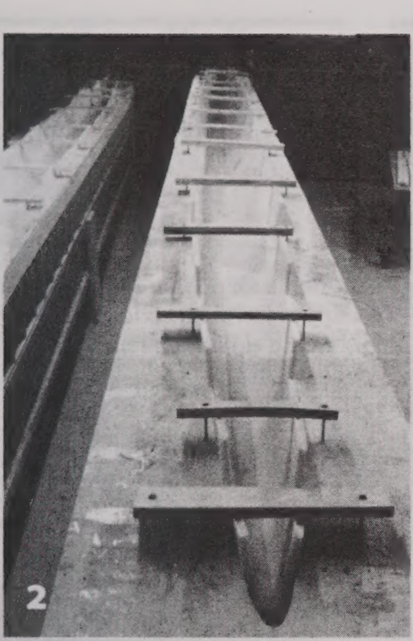
1—Foam strips were cut into three different widths and were then bead and coved for uniform hull thickness and to ensure fairness.

Laminating the inside of the hull was very difficult due to working inside a narrow space, and it was hard to see what I was doing. I complicated this step by laying the carbon on the bias (45-135), which was awkward to work with, but it added hoop strength to the hull. (The outside was done 0-90 for longitudinal strength.) The best method Ian and I came up for laminating the carbon was to lightly wet out the foam, lay in the 50" wide carbon cloth and then squeegee unthickened WEST SYSTEM epoxy into the fabric.

Once we felt it was wet through, we wet it out again to ensure the fabric was laminated to the skin. After cure we could trim the join line, add bulkheads, chain plate reinforcements, and buildup the rudder gudgeon area. The shiplap add-on was now removed to leave us an inside overlap of carbon. This overlap flap made joining the halves rather easy. All it took was some thickened epoxy and a few simple clamps. We were surprised how stiff each half was since we only had the inside skinned with carbon.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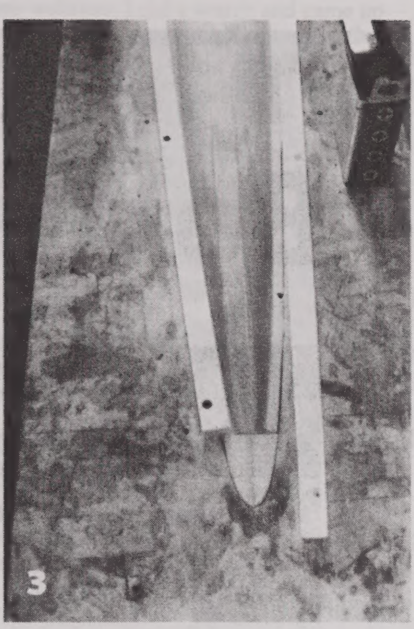
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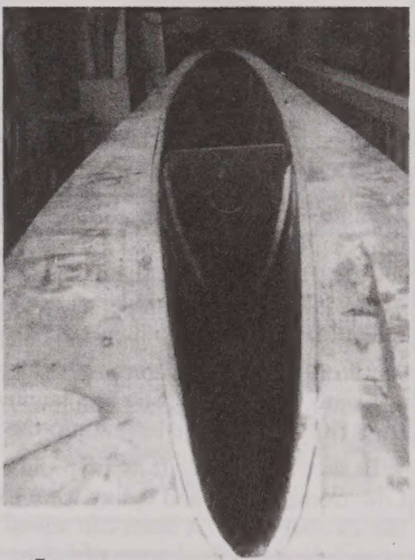
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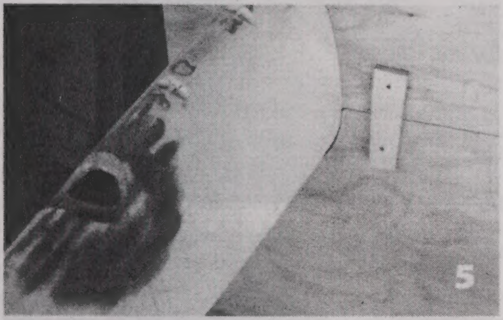
2—Lindahl clamped the strips down tightly into the mold.

3—A shiplap add-on was installed on the deck half building jig to allow the inner carbon skin to extend past the join line.

4—After the carbon lay-up cured the join line was trimmed and bulkheads, chain plate reinforcements were added.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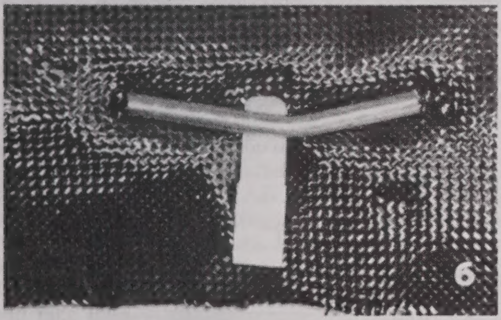
5—The hull being hollowed out to prepare for the aft beam to be glued on.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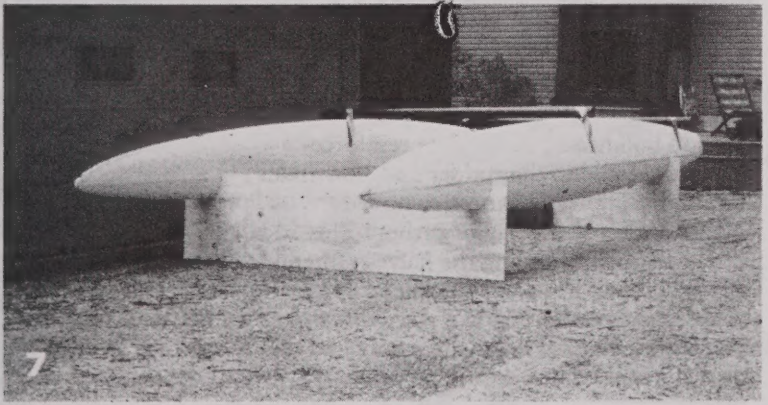
6—Tramp hooks before installation.

7—Hulls sitting in the alignment jig with the beams in their approximate positions.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After the hull halves were joined, we added the dagger board case and the transom. We embedded the tramp hooks into the ¾" thick foam strip on the centerline of the deck. Now the hull could be faired smooth on the outside. Because our foam strips had been cut in widths that corresponded to the hull curvature, the fairing process took only about eight hours per hull. Some fill was needed on a few strip joints and low spots. Carbon was then laminated to the outside of each hull. Again we paid a lot of attention to the amount of epoxy we applied, because excess is weight you don't need.

We filled the cloth weave with WEST SYSTEM epoxy thickened with 410 Microlight® filler, spreading this onto the hull with a squeegee and checking for fairness with a batten. After rolling four coats of an epoxy paint primer onto the hull, we did the final fairing. We didn't prime the areas where beams were to be attached.

All the boats I'd previously built had bolt-on beams, but this hull shape did not have much area for bolts. Instead we glued the beams on. That decision proved correct as it led to a very stiff platform. Torsional stiffness was only limited by the beams themselves, and they were more than adequate.

Rather than reinvent the wheel, we purchased carbon beams from Ben Hall and then added a carbon dolphin striker to the front beam and a traveler track attachment flat to the rear beam. Installing the beams started with a hull alignment jig that was nothing more than a couple sheets of plywood CNC cut to give the seven degree hull cant and to keep the hulls in line and at proper legal width.

With the hulls fixed in the alignment jig the beams could be locked in place. First we had to hollow out the hulls where the beams would sit. We then laid a wet piece of 5.8 oz carbon into the cutout and set the beam into it. Strips of bias cut cloth were then wrapped into the junction of hull and beam. After cure and minor fairing, unidirectional carbon was wrapped over each beam (in and out) and onto the hull. Carbon was laminated from the inside of the beam onto the hull as well.

Low-Density filler and epoxy were used to fair all four joints. A foam cap sealed the end of each beam. A final wrap of 5.8 oz then went over the whole joint.

With the beams attached, tramp hooks, gudgeons, and chain plates installed the platform could be finish-primed and sanded.

The cost of mold frames and the alignment jig was under $500. We had a male pattern CNC'd for boards and rudders, and then made glass tools for building the actual parts. The foils are an excellent shape, and we kept the board weight under three pounds each. Beams and mast came from Ben Hall. We made the spreaders, mast base/rotator, standing rigging, boom. Local suppliers were used for hardware, rudder heads and paint.

Three boats have been built this way. The first two were 3–5 lb under when weighed at the Worlds. On boat Number 3 we sunk the front beam deeper into the hull and trimmed the beam ends flush with the hull. We also did a better job fairing and used less primer. Number 3 was 15 lb under weight at the Worlds. There have been no structural issues on any boat, so we feel we have a winner. Now it will take a little time to learn how to tune it and sail it faster.

One of the neat things about this building method is that it can be used for a lot more than boatbuilding. This method provides the ability to create whatever you want at a fraction of the cost of building fiberglass molds. ■

John Lindahl has been building and racing A Class Catamarans for thirty-five years. For more info on this building method, available boats, kits and components, contact John (269-650-5900) or Ian (858-688-5450) at Lindahl Composite Design, or e-mail: jlindahl_lcd@yahoo.com.
To see more of Lindahl's work visit:
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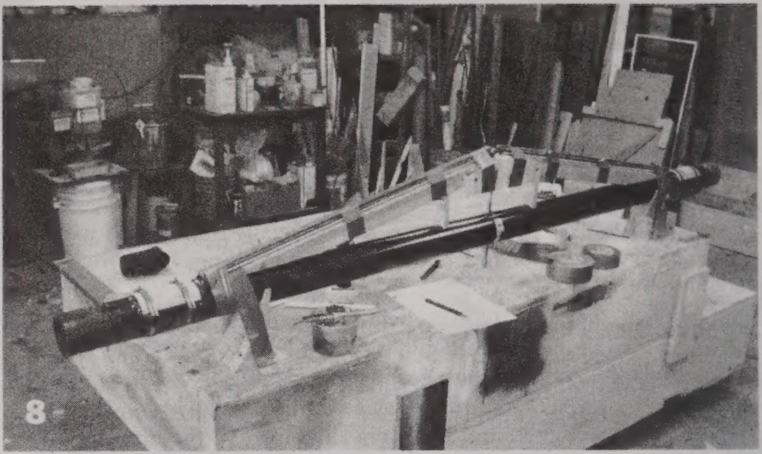
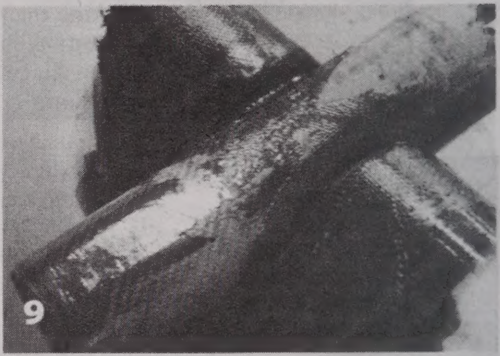
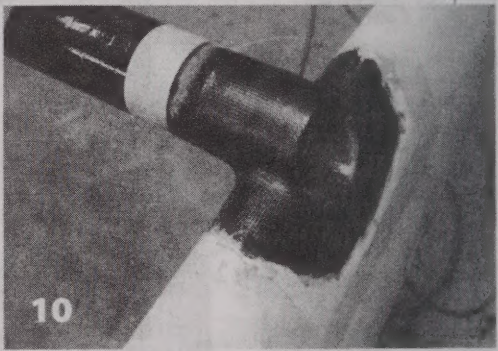


8—Carbon beams were purchased from Ben Hall and then a carbon dolphin striker was added to the front beam.





9, 10—After the hulls were hollowed out where the beams would sit, a wet piece of 5.8 oz carbon was laid into the cutout and the beam was set into it. Strips of bias cut cloth were then wrapped into the junction of hull and beam. After cure and minor fairing, unidirectional carbon was wrapped over each beam and onto the hull.

11—The faired catamaran upside-down on a trailer. Gluing the beams to the hulls rather than bolting them on resulted in a very stiff platform.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

I thought about installing a bow eye on my skiff to help pull it up on the floating platform over a roller. Installing a bow eye involves drilling the hole through the stem (at the proper angle) for the bolt part and a backing plate inside for the nut to hold against. And there is all that room in the bow of small boats for getting things together and tightening the nut.

Another option is to drill a horizontal hole through the stem (side to side) and running a line through the hole to create an attachment point where the bow eye would usually be located. If you want to get fancy, you install a stainless steel pipe through the hole to avoid wearing of the wood over time. It seems easier to install another line when the first one gets frayed and letting the wood wear a bit.

If you do not like the horizontal hole through the stem from side to side (it takes a stout piece of wood in the stem to have the room), you can drill a horizontal hole through the stem (front to back) as if you were going to install an eye bolt of some sort and then thread a line through the hole with a stopper knot on the inside and an eye splice on the outside. There are a number of ways to get a "bow eye" on a small boat without installing hardware.

There have been a number of articles in the popular boating magazines concerning fresh water electric shock that results in a drowning. I was wondering about a testing device to show if such a danger existed. There is a testing meter that shows if there is a stray current within a dock line, but it is not cheap and takes some experience to use correctly.

Thus far, it is reported that the American Boat and Yacht Council (ABYC) has developed a pigtail that can be plugged into a shore power cord to monitor faults. It's easy to use, but they have to find someone to make and distribute the device. Someone will, but it will take time. Anyone interested in manufacturing a product that has a ready market? Of course, an accurate device that one could stick in the water to check on such things would be very nice.

I saw an ad for "traction mats" to help get your vehicle out of snow or ice the other day. It is a plastic mat about 22"x6"x1" in size that you place under your vehicle's tires (need four) to get traction. This assumes that either you can get enough of the mat under the wheels without jacking each tire up or you will get out the jack with the mat.

If you like the idea, you can get a similar product at your local pet store (or on line). It is called Dri Dek panels. This vinyl product is an interlocking open square. The pet store sells it for pet crate flooring at a very low price. It locks together and is washable. The product might be useful if you live in "snow country" and it might work in soft sand.

I broke my straight tap wrench, by hand twisting no less, and went looking for a replacement. The local chain hardware store staff knew what I wanted, but none of the stores carried such. Nor could I find one on their websites. I did a search and came up with a number of places on the internet that would sell me a set of taps and a wrench, but none that would sell me just the wrench.

I contacted one of the sites' help desk only to find out that the person answering the phone could not help unless I had their product number. I emailed a couple of other sites only to get the same type of response. One site had what I needed but wanted me to spend a minimum of $25, plus shipping.

A friend suggested McMaster-Carr. I checked their website and found a couple of straight tap wrenches that looked something like the piece I had broken. I emailed their contact address and described what I had that I wanted to replace. I received a reply within an hour suggesting which of the products would come the closest. I ordered the product on Friday and it arrived on Monday. Very good service! I, again, have a straight tap wrench for use when needed.

Many years ago, a boat was pulled under by a barge snagging its anchor line. They could not get the bitter end of the rode released in time (the shackle was rusted shut). Other boats have been in heavy seas/winds and had the anchor line brake fail and lost the line over the side because the bitter end was not secured or the lashing failed. Sometimes, they got the anchor back later.

Most of us probably do not buoy the anchor when we put it out and seldom consider how to recover the anchor and line if we have to let it all go on purpose. I went out with a number of friends to help a boat that was aground in the troughs in moderate seas at night. The crew of the boat in trouble had no way to retrieve the anchor and line that they had put out to hold the boat when we came alongside to throw them a line and tow them to deep water. They had to cast off the line and the anchor and line were lost.

Our 150' of anchor line is carried in a 5gal bucket (coiled whaler fashion) and the bitter end is available for a 1gal plastic jug to be attached if necessary. I have a couple of 1gal plastic jugs on board for temporary floats, funnels (cut out the bottom), or bailers (cut off the top). One suggestion I read was to have about 10' of yellow polypropylene line attached to the bitter end as the line will float, and might make it easier to find if you have to cast off the rode. Any other ideas?

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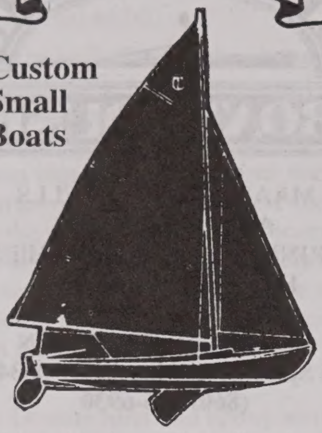

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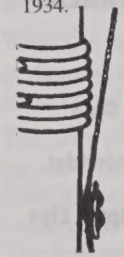

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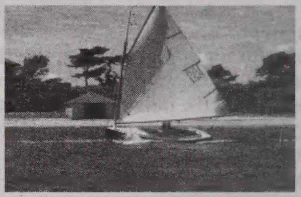

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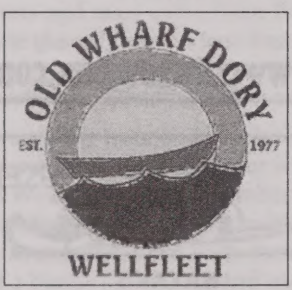

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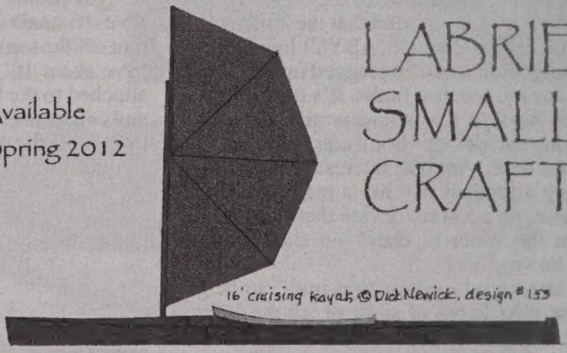
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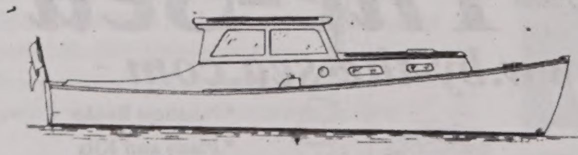

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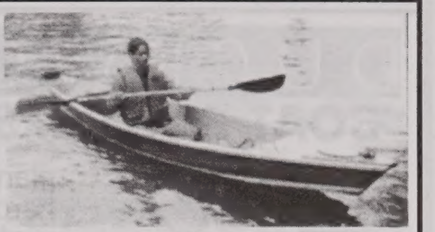

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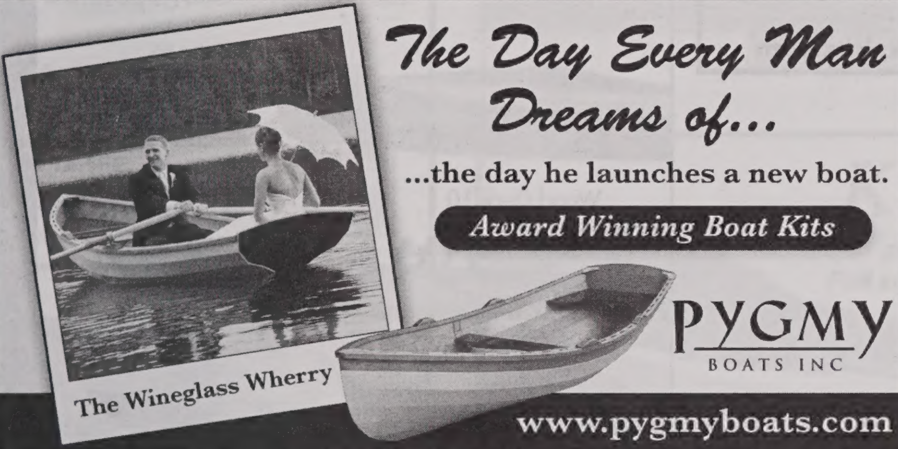

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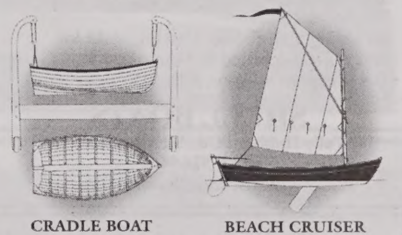

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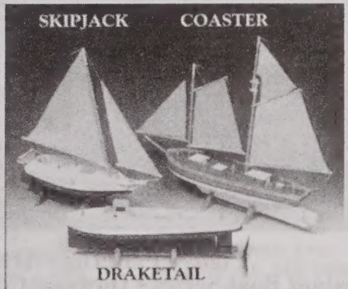

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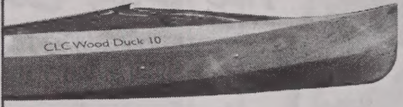

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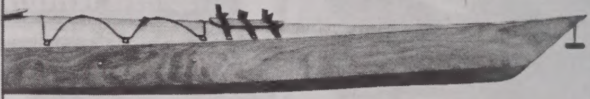

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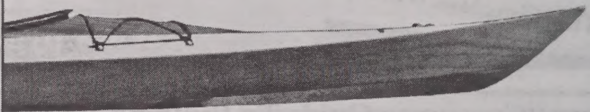

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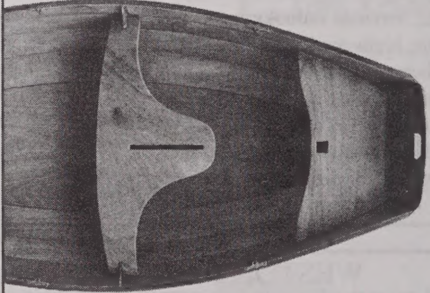

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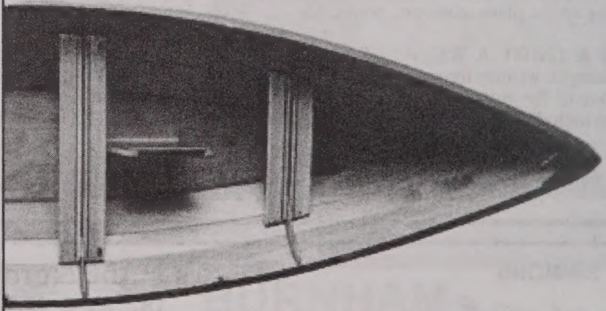

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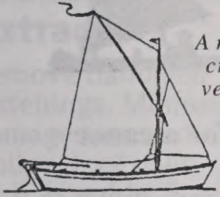

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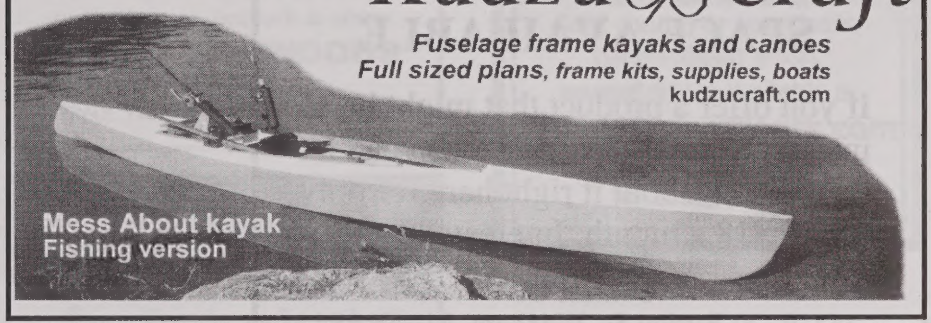

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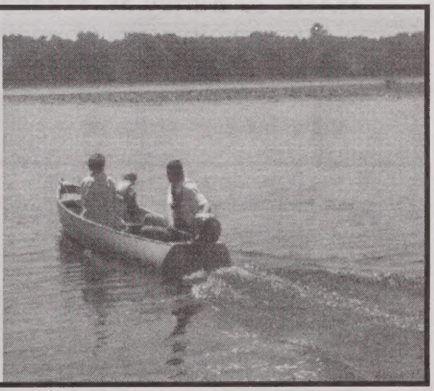

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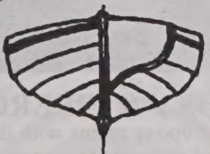

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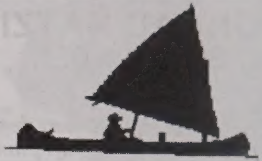

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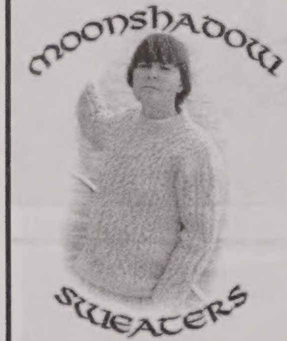

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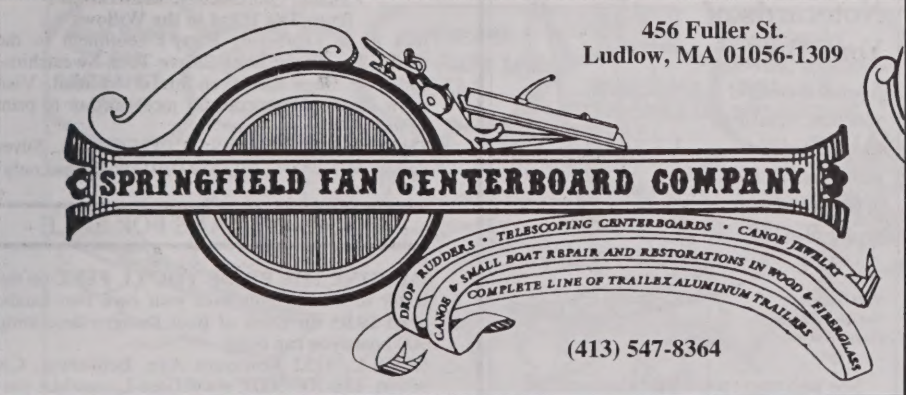
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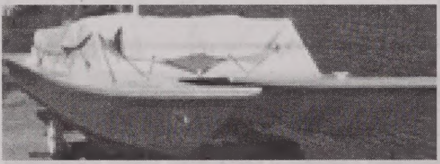

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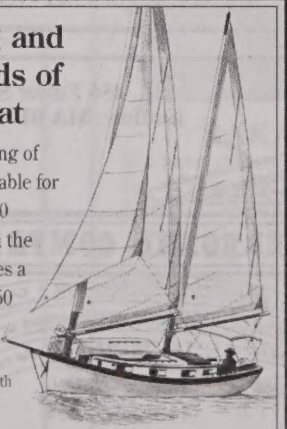

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16' FG Peapod, new '99. Sailing version compl w/8' Shaw & Tenney leathered oars, anchor, 3 fenders & 2 adult lifejackets. Nice trlr w/new axle & bearings. Specs & pix can be viewed by google entry of "SpindriftRowboats" clicking on "Peapod Rower Sailer". My boat is painted dark green w/red bootstripe. Titled & registered in NY. Located in East Islip, LI. $3,500 firm, cash or MO. Additional pix my boat at "photobucket.com/sailingpeapod". **13' "Jimmy Skiff",** rowing only version as shown at "Chesapeake Light Craft" under "Rowing Craft-Fixed Seat Rowing". Compl w/ oars, 2 fenders & 1 adult lifejacket. Has '95 Mercury 4hp short shaft 2-stroke in gd cond. No trlr but could be loaded into 8' pickup bed. My boat shown at "photobucket.com/gene3521album". Price $750 firm, cash or MO. Boat titled & registered in NY, located E. Islip, LI.
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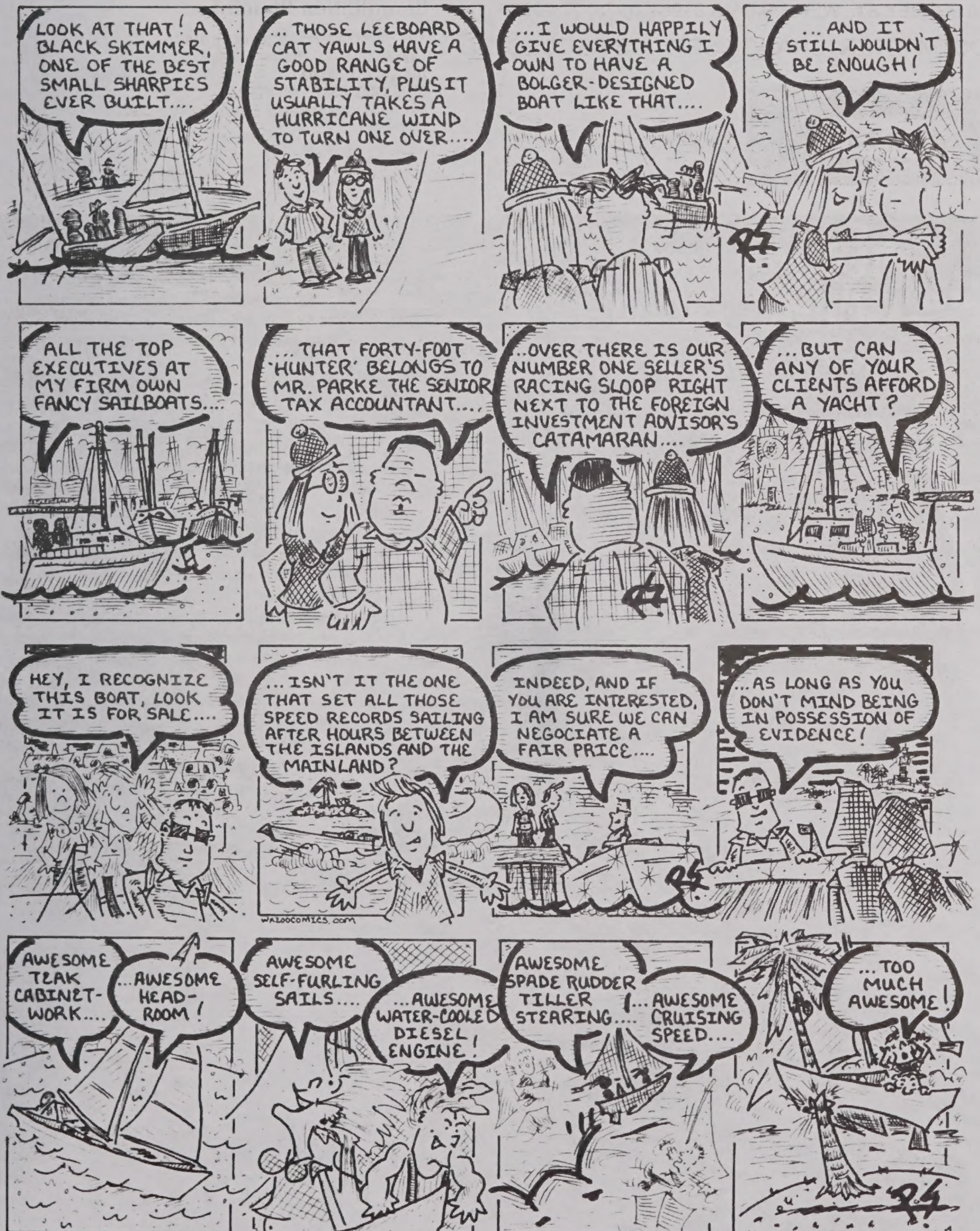
By: Robert L. Summers

Can We Really Afford to Play This Game?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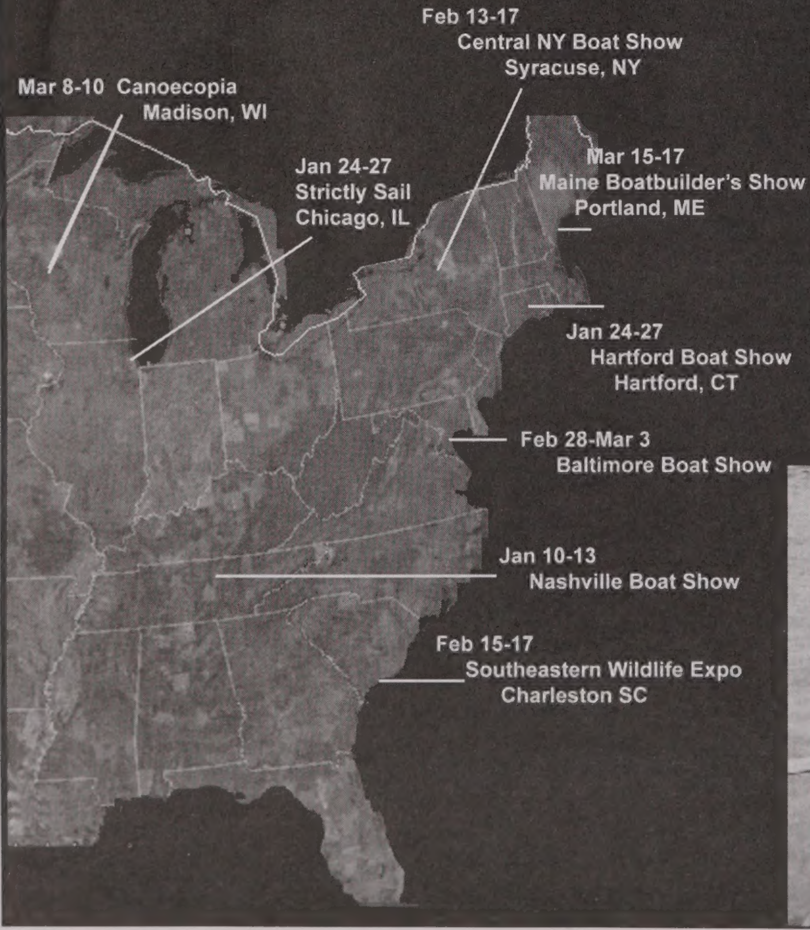
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If you don't live near our travel-route, you could meet us along that route and the deli would still be free.

Last year the warm March stripped us of inventory and we never really caught up. T year, due to the sale of the company, takin new factory our old factory, we are still beh with virtually no inventory.

If you are interested in a boat we suggest you order ahead so we can properly weave it into our build schedule. (We once had someone look at our magnetized build schedule and say, "I'm guessing that the person who built this system used to be an air-traffic controller." Technically he was wrong....but we *did* get the idea from the movie *Pushing Tin*, so he gets full credit.)

We need about a month's notice for new boat orders. Our website shows available colors and provides links to our upcoming shows. As of now the lead time we need for kits and wooden boats is 2 months and 6 months respectively.

New shows will be added as needed.